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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WITH Parliament in recess it has been a holiday week in politics; for the signature of the Naval Treaty was only a formality, which interested the Press photographers more than the public. The statesmen themselves seemed glad to get away from these disarmament unrealities; presumably, they had reached saturation point.

There is more interest in the approaching by-election in Fulham, which has arisen unexpectedly and which promises to be a short, sharp campaign between Empire Free Trade and Snowden finance, with a Communist intervening but in some doubt whether to go to the poll. This third candidate will probably be a nuisance to both; the Liberals, however, are not fighting. (Mrs. Snowden's luncheon-parties appear to have achieved their purpose, and good Liberals will soon take their daily dose of Socialism without shrinking.)

The Conservatives are said to have lost the Fulham seat at the General Election because the local voters did not think the official programme worth voting for, and stayed at home. Mr. Baldwin has done little to evoke enthusiasm since then, but Lord Beaverbrook has stepped into the breach and, like a wise man, he is advocating his own policy in person on the spot.

I do not know whether his Young Crusaders' movement is sufficiently organized yet to give much effective help—their enthusiasm is a great asset, but in the nature of things a crusade, like a locomotive, takes a little time to get up full speed—but we shall certainly hear more of their activities in the future. Their staying power has yet to be tested, but it strikes me as the most promising move in politics for a long time.

We are often told that youth has no interest in politics. There is some truth in that, but one of the reasons may well be that no specific appeal

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has been made to youth. Politics, like golf, has been regarded as a game for the middle-aged, with the elder statesmen leading off and the youngsters getting an occasional look-in as an afterthought. It is not very surprising that youth decided the game was not good enough; the idea that they also serve who only stand and wait does not appeal under thirty.

Lord Beaverbrook's belief in the driving-power of youth strikes me as likely to be as fruitful of results as his belief in Empire Free Trade. He has, in fact, tapped a new well which the party managers have either neglected or distrusted, and it is bound to produce considerable effects in the political field. Youth believes in action, not compromise, and there has been rather too much of the latter, and too little of the former, in the official Conservative policy of late years.

I am glad to hear that the reorganization of the Young Conservatives' Union is virtually complete, and that the Eighteen Club has been successfully launched. The former is, of course, primarily concerned with propaganda, while the latter confines itself more to discussion at its monthly dinners; but in a sense they are complementary, and both are controlled by that post-war generation which it is said to be so difficult to interest in politics, at any rate on the Conservative side.

Each organization is quite independent of the Conservative Central Office, which is probably just as well, for officialdom of any sort is bound to damp the ardour of youth, as has been proved at least once in the history of the Y.C.U. It is to be hoped that they will not allow themselves to be diverted from their original purpose—the Eighteen Club from becoming the inspiration of the younger Conservatives, and the Y.C.U. from providing their *corps d'élite*.

Whatever other reputations may be made or lost in the Labour Cabinet, Mr. Clynes has definitely added to the respect in which he is held by his firm treatment of the Fox and Podmore cases. A Home Secretary has one of the worst jobs in the Government, and the final word as to the fate of convicted murderers is the worst job the Home Secretary has to do. Mr. Clynes is proverbially a kindly man, and there were those who doubted whether he was strong enough for this particular post. It must be said frankly that he has done his duty without flinching.

Tennyson once remarked that Browning had a great deal of music in him, but could not get it out. Much the same was true of Dr. Bridges, a real poet who sang with difficulty, and who will probably live in our literature like Collins and Campbell, as the author of one or two small pieces that are perfect in their kind, rather than for any epics and great organ-notes. The poem on the death of a young child is assured of immortality.

The question of a successor in the Poet Laureateship is a ticklish matter. One could hardly expect Mr. MacDonald to appoint Kipling

—who would probably not accept in any event—but if robust patriotism is temporarily at a discount, there are not many poets who could find a satisfactory rhyme for the League of Nations. (Parity, of course, is easier; it simply goes with Charity.)

If one were to choose poets by referendum, Masfield would probably win. But Binyon would run him close among the elect. And if the feminists decided to put forward the claim to sex equality—a Poetess Laureate would be an interesting innovation—Miss Sitwell would probably perform the nominal duties with grace and distinction.

The recent announcement with regard to the Duchess of York is a reminder that according to some constitutional authorities the order of succession to the throne is not yet established in all contingencies. The late Sir Sidney Lee, in his biography of King Edward VII, advanced the argument that if the Prince of Wales were to die childless, and daughters only were to be born to the Duke and Duchess of York, Parliament would have to choose between these daughters.

By the succession of Queen Victoria in place of the Duke of Cumberland, the prior claim of nephews and nieces over the younger brothers of their father was definitely established, but Sir Sidney held that primogeniture does not obtain where sisters alone are concerned. In his view Mary I succeeded, not because she was older than Elizabeth, but in virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of her father, while Mary II preceded Anne on the throne by right of conquest.

These two precedents are not very reassuring in view of the fact that they both date from revolutionary times, so I suppose that there is a good deal to be said for Sir Sidney Lee's view that the question is still open. In any event, there can be no doubt that Parliament, by the Act of Settlement, is competent to deal with the matter, though I imagine that the Dominions would certainly expect to be consulted.

The official figures of the air strength of the leading Powers are at first sight somewhat disquieting, so far as this country is concerned, but, unless carefully analysed, they may also prove misleading. The ordinary commercial aeroplane can very quickly be adapted for the purpose of war, and no mention is made in these statistics of the number of potential battle-planes of this nature.

M. Clemenceau estimated that on the morrow of an order for mobilization Germany would be in possession of a thousand fighting machines, although in time of peace she is not allowed any by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. If commercial aeroplanes can be converted as rapidly as this, then it is clear that the statistics of the respective air fleets have no value, and the Air Ministry might do worse than issue a further statement relating to the commercial aeroplanes of the Great Powers, so that we may know exactly where we stand.



The decision of the German Government to ask the Reichstag for the necessary funds for the construction of a sister-ship to the *Ersatz Preussen* seems to have occasioned a great deal more astonishment outside Germany than the event really merits. It has for long been obvious that, in the absence of any marked inclination on the part of her neighbours to disarm, Germany had determined to build up to the limit conceded to her at Versailles, and the only doubt has been the exact date at which the ships were to be laid down.

The "pocket battleship" has certainly fluttered the naval doves of Paris, but I hear grave doubts expressed whether ships of this type would be of much use outside the Baltic, for which sea, of course, they are primarily intended. I understand that in the opinion of the experts life on board would, for various technical reasons, be almost impossible in the Atlantic. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that it would at least be politic to invite Germany to the next Naval Conference.

Professor Stephen Leacock, famous for his humour, should be more famous for his serious studies. As a political economist, he has a pungent way of putting home truths that others not gifted with his sense of the absurd may envy. Speaking in Montreal in favour of reciprocal Imperial trade, he pointed out that Argentina sells mainly to Great Britain and buys mainly from the United States.

He might have said precisely the same of Canada. But his purpose was to show that Great Britain, with an Empire tariff, would beat the United States to a frazzle. With nothing to concede to preserve its overseas markets, he said, the United States "in a tariff war would go down like a punctured balloon." There speaks the Canadian.

Mr. Scullin, the Australian Premier, is being shot at from many sides. British traders with Australian interests are lecturing the Commonwealth for not having put its house in order earlier and at the same time they denounce the method now adopted. Then come along the Labourites in Australia to advance claims to a full basic wage for the out-of-works. In happier circumstances, Mr. Scullin would doubtless have been willing to oblige. To-day he says it cannot be done. He tells his friends quite plainly that Australia's first duty is to her creditors.

That statement springs from his own instinctive honesty and common sense, and in any case the costly folly of playing fast and loose with public credit would be pointed out to him by his Finance Minister, who does not forget the lesson he learnt in Queensland. Australia will want British help before she is clear of all her difficulties.

Sir Gordon Guggisberg gave his life beyond question to the Empire. He developed in British Guiana the seeds sown during his long tenure on the Gold Coast. He was an ideal Governor of a non-self-governing colony. In the Dominions he would not have been popular. He had vision,

and he knew how to impress the native while initiating lines of policy for his benefit and advancement. He had a flair with him which was not always understood. Those who did not like him called it "swank," but he was after all the King's representative, and the soldier in him often disguised the simple virtues when official dignity was necessary.

Mr. Lansbury has done the right thing, both personally and officially, in investigating the threat to Hadrian's Wall. I do not know that he is to be trusted not to pull down the modern British Empire, but he is to be encouraged in any sympathy he may show with what remains of the ancient Roman Empire. These relics are (if Mr. Snowden will forgive the word) worth safeguarding and protection for their intrinsic interest and historical value, and if a small grant is necessary for the purpose of their preservation, nobody is likely to complain that the Chancellor shows more favour to the antiquaries than to the lace-makers.

It is not a little curious that in all the discussions on the question of electoral reform, sight should apparently have been lost of the Report of the Royal Commission on that subject which was issued in 1910. That body reported unanimously in favour of the adoption of the Alternative Vote for single-member constituencies where there were more than two candidates, and it recommended the abolition of two-member constituencies altogether.

This Commission was appointed by a Liberal Government and it reported while the same administration was in office, yet the necessary legislation was never passed to give effect to its recommendations. At that time Labour was in identically the same position in which Liberalism finds itself to-day, so perhaps one may be pardoned for the suspicion that Mr. Lloyd George's attitude towards electoral reform is not quite so uninfluenced by circumstances as he would have us believe.

The question of admitting women to Holy Orders is again being ventilated, without, I imagine, the least chance of success. There is no valid reason that anybody knows of why the more pious sex should be refused ordination—the profane have long since advocated women clergy on the ground that it might increase the scanty male attendance at church—but religious organizations move slowly, and there is probably some trade union feeling even in Convocation against reform. The ladies may protest, but they imagine a vain thing if they anticipate a female Dean and Chapter.

The British climate gave an evil welcome to the Australian cricketers who arrived in London on Wednesday evening. Everybody wishes them well, all the more so perhaps on this side because they have been rather sharply criticized in the antipodes on the ground of inexperience. But if we have the cold, wet summer which is already being prophesied by our pessimists, they will need all their skill if they are to retain their circulation, let alone regain the ashes.

## THE ROAD TO THE EAST

THE obsequies of the Naval Conference have taken place, the valedictory addresses have been delivered, and Mr. MacDonald has affixed his signature to the death certificate with a golden pen. These facts, at least, admit of no dispute, but as to the interpretation to be put upon them there is a widespread diversity of opinion. The friends of the Government would have us believe that a great step forward has been taken; but whether that step is in the direction of universal disarmament, or of another war, time alone can show. Of one event, at any rate, there can be no doubt, and it is that the Conference has not achieved what was expected of it. For that the blame must rest upon the British Prime Minister, who has resolutely refused to allow any discussion of the one question in which France and Italy were primarily interested, namely, the balance of power in the Mediterranean. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the conclusion of a real Five-Power Agreement should have proved beyond the capacity of the delegates.

One would have thought that in approaching so delicate a problem as naval disarmament even the veriest novice in diplomacy would have realized that until some *modus vivendi* in regard to the Mediterranean had been reached, it was out of the question to expect France and Italy to agree to any substantial reduction in their building programmes; while upon the strength of their fleets the Rapidan understanding was wholly dependent. Before the Conference met, the French Government gave as its considered opinion that the Mediterranean should figure upon the agenda, and suggested the extension of an invitation to Spain as likely to facilitate a solution of this particular problem. Nevertheless, Mr. MacDonald refused to entertain a suggestion which the most junior attaché at the least important of legations could have told him was an essential condition of the success of his project, while it is more than likely that even the little which he has been able to achieve may ultimately be nullified by this original blunder.

This neglect of the great inland sea is the more remarkable in view of the importance of British interests there. Through the Mediterranean lies the road to India and the Far East—a road whose safety is of as vital consequence to the Dominions as it is to Great Britain herself. Ever since the seventeenth century successive British administrations have sought to strengthen what, since the construction of the Suez Canal at any rate, is the most important link of Empire, and yet Mr. MacDonald does not consider it worthy even of mention at a Conference upon the problem of naval disarmament. We say Mr. MacDonald advisedly, for we do not understand that Mr. Arthur Henderson exercises any considerable independence of control in the conduct of the department of which he is nominally the head. Those who remember what happened in the past on the occasions when British interests in the Mediterranean were neglected will marvel the more at the complacency of the Prime Minister.

One gleam of hope that the Government is not altogether unmindful of the national interests in this quarter is, however, vouchsafed us by the statement that Great Britain is to be in some sort

a party to any Franco-Italian negotiations that may take place. What exactly this may signify we do not pretend to know, but it is reassuring to hear that some attempt is to be made to solve the Mediterranean problem before another naval conference takes place. Of course, the great obstacle in the path of a settlement is, and always will be, the Italian claim to parity with France—a claim which in our opinion is fully justified, and which can hardly be denied by Mr. MacDonald, who has admitted the demand of the United States for parity with Great Britain. In coupling this claim with a readiness to disarm to any extent, Signor Mussolini has displayed statesmanship of the highest order, and it is to be hoped that in any fresh negotiations this offer will receive more careful consideration.

In short, we welcome the possibility of a further attempt to settle the Mediterranean question in the near future, though it is to be hoped that it is realized that no agreement can be regarded as wholly satisfactory to which, certainly Spain, and probably Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey, are not parties. No nation has a greater interest in the balance of power in the Mediterranean than Great Britain, for in very truth it is the main artery of her Empire, and it has now been proved, even, we should imagine, to the Prime Minister, that until this problem is solved there can never be any real naval disarmament.

## THE TREND OF EMPIRE TRADE

BY W. H. WILLSON

NAPOLEON was alleged to have stated that the British nation was a nation of shopkeepers. That statement was not meant as a compliment, but we generally accept it as such, for we are all proud of the fact that the British Empire was built upon trade. Our activities overseas were very largely in connexion with trade, and the conquest or settlement of foreign lands was undertaken to open up fresh trade. Yet a study of the trend of trade during recent years reveals the disturbing fact that, while the trade of the overseas Empire areas is rapidly expanding, the share of the United Kingdom is even more rapidly declining.

The extent to which the foreigner is exploiting Empire markets is not commonly realized. A study of table "A," below, showing the total trade of the overseas Empire for 1913 and 1922-1927, reveals this fact only too clearly. Details of imports are of particular interest. In 1913, imports from the United Kingdom and from foreign countries were valued at approximately the same total, namely, £221,000,000. In 1927, however, while imports from the United Kingdom were worth £369,000,000, those from foreign countries had increased to a total of £520,000,000.

TABLE "A"—TRADE OF THE OVERSEAS EMPIRE

	1913	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927
Imports: £ millions to the nearest million							
From the United Kingdom	221	276	296	353	388	343	369
From other Empire areas	58	88	97	114	124	126	134
From foreign countries	222	304	352	378	435	484	520
Total	500	668	746	845	917	953	1,024
Exports (Domestic):							
To the United Kingdom	185	269	289	352	400	355	337
To other Empire areas	48	80	82	91	100	100	104
To foreign countries	217	327	412	441	539	487	510
Total	450	676	783	884	1,039	942	971

Note:—These figures are exclusive of the trade of Mandated territories. The trade of the Irish Free State is included from 1924. Re-exports were valued at £70,000,000 in 1927.



A similar trend is shown by statistics of exports, the foreign share in 1927 being considerably larger than in 1913.

An analysis of trade returns for each area shows that in almost every part of the overseas Empire trade with foreign countries has increased more rapidly than trade with the United Kingdom. In table "B" the values of imports into the four great Dominions, India, and the Colonies and Protectorates, are given for the years 1913 and 1927.

Area	Total Imports		Imports from the United Kingdom		Imports from foreign countries		Imports from other Empire areas	
	1913	1927	1913	1927	1913	1927	1913	1927
Australia	78	165	41	69	29	75	8	21
South Africa	42	73	24	33	13	30	5	10
New Zealand	22	45	13	21	4	14	5	9
Canada	127	228	27	38	95	177	5	13
India	128	196	83	95	37	88	7	13
Colonies and Protectorates	100	251	31	66	41	123	28	64

The most pleasing feature of this table, apart from the general expansion in trade, is the increase in imports from other Empire areas; the most disturbing is the great expansion in imports from foreign countries into the Colonies and Protectorates. With but one or two exceptions, these areas are not fiscally independent of the Imperial Government. Yet, while the Home Government is actively assisting in their development—the Civil Estimates just issued show a grant in aid of the Colonial Development Fund of £750,000—imports from the United Kingdom receive no tariff preference except in Southern Rhodesia and the West Indies.

This trade analysis would not be complete without some detail of the trade of the United Kingdom. Again taking figures for 1927, table "C" shows that while our exports to and imports from British countries nearly balanced, our exports to foreign countries were valued at some £370,000,000 less than our imports from those countries.

Imports from British Countries	366,661,373
Imports from Foreign Countries	681,679,778
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>1,218,314,150</b>
Exports to British Countries	348,603,877
Exports to Foreign Countries	483,340,325
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>831,944,102</b>

These three tables prove the vital importance to the future of this country of an Empire trade policy. Foreign markets are of great value to our export trade, but it is to the Empire that we must look for an expansion in the sales of our products. Our export trade is not increasing, yet the demand overseas for imported goods is rapidly growing.

An Empire trade policy is not, however, solely a matter of exports of United Kingdom products. One of the most valuable markets in the world is to be found in our own islands. Yet in 1929 imports into the United Kingdom of goods wholly or mainly manufactured were valued at £334,000,000; these goods were chiefly obtained from foreign countries. In addition, great quantities of foodstuffs and raw materials which could be supplied by overseas Empire areas were also imported from foreign countries.

A remedy must be found, and this remedy must be based upon economic facts. The first step is to control the home market, prevent competition from goods produced by cheap foreign labour, and make every effort to stimulate the home demand for the products both of the home country and of the Empire overseas. The second step is to assist in every way the demand in the overseas Empire for the manufactured products of the United Kingdom.

These objectives cannot be attained under existing conditions, particularly under the system of free

imports which prevails in the United Kingdom. Certain duties are levied on imports—the net Customs revenue being £121,164,867 in 1929—but until the tariff system permits import duties on all foreign products, whether those products are foodstuffs, raw materials, or manufactured goods, a large expansion in inter-Empire trade is most improbable.

Immediate attention must also be given to trade treaties and conventions that prohibit the granting of preferential tariff treatment to Empire products. Two of these are the Congo Basin treaties of 1885, under which no preference can be granted in Uganda, Kenya, Nyasaland, and part of Northern Rhodesia, and the Anglo-French Convention of 1899, which prohibits tariff discrimination against French products entering British territories east and west of the Niger. Both these agreements can be denounced this year.

## TWO PARTIES, OR THREE, OR MORE?—I

By A. A. B.

BEFORE the first Reform Bill of 1832 England was governed by the King, the aristocracy, and the Prime Minister, manipulating between them the House of Commons, divided into Tories and Whigs. The government was the best suited for times when England's chief business was fighting the French. "I hate a Frenchman as I do the devil," Nelson was always repeating. "What is the difference," asked Matthew Arnold, "between Lord Grenville in 1770 and Lord Granville in 1870? This: Lord Grenville knew his own mind, and Lord Granville didn't." The weakness of modern governments is that no one knows his own mind, and no one will take any responsibility. No more deplorable picture of vacillation and timidity can be found than the story of how we drifted into the Great War.

The Reform Act of 1832 didn't destroy the power of the King; George IV did that. It is a mistake to say that William IV dismissed Lord Melbourne. No one who has read the correspondence can help seeing that Melbourne, with the polite ambiguity of those days, dismissed himself, with the King's joyful acquiescence. Lord Althorp's succession to the peerage left the Minister without a leader in the Commons, and he was desperately anxious to shake off Brougham.

The power of the Sovereign died imperceptibly, to be revived in a modified form by Queen Victoria towards the end of the century. What the Act of 1832 did was to destroy the power of the aristocracy, not entirely either. There were still several small boroughs that survived the famous schedule, and remained susceptible to the influence of the great house in the neighbourhood. The Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire and Buccleuch were still worth consulting by Prime Ministers and Patronage Secretaries. Lord Derby was still a power in Lancashire, and Lords Abergavenny and Bath were still magnates in the southern and western counties. But the power of the peerage as a class was irreparably injured, and the borough mongers were depressed. "The rotten boroughs are gone, and the corn law has gone. Why tease about clause 10 in a railway Bill?" is Bagehot's humorous picture of a forlorn peer in the 'forties.

The great Reform Act disappointed nobody more keenly than the Westminster Radicals and demagogues like Hunt and Cobbett: Burdett, and Hobhouse, "my boy Hobby O," turned Tories. The £10 borough franchise and the £50 county franchise transferred power to the middle class, who held it

for 75 years, and abused it less than the upper class who preceded them, and less than the lower class who have succeeded them. The franchise was cautiously lowered in 1867, by the addition of 1,000,000 voters in the towns, and in 1884 by the admission of 2,000,000 to the franchise in the counties. It was left to the insane folly of the Conservative Party to add 18,000,000 to the electorate by the Ullswater Act of 1918, enfranchising women over 30, paupers and soldiers between 19 and 21, and by Mr. Baldwin's Flapper Act of 1928, which gave the vote to the females under 30. It is calculated that there are now 15,000,000 female voters to 13,000,000 males.

The democratic spirit does not depend entirely on the number of voters. It depends more on the teaching in the elementary schools and the propaganda in the cheap Press, and by trade unions. Forster's act of 1870 making primary education compulsory, and Hart Dyke's Act of 1887 making it gratuitous, took a whole generation to affect the views of the electors. It was not until 1905, after Lord Salisbury's death, that democracy, properly so-called, reared its head.

Meanwhile, in the Victorian middle-class House of Commons, there were always three parties, floating about, offering their votes to every government in turn. But being unorganized, having no whips of their own, and being composed of political odds and ends, the third party was courted or bullied until Parnell arrived in 1880. Between that year and 1832 this third party was composed of Irish Repealers led at first by O'Connell, and the Manchester Radicals, children of the Corn Law League, led by Cobden and Bright. These two bodies of protestant politicians had nothing in common except hostility to whatever government happened to be in office.

That they decided the fate of governments and were responsible for the political instability of the early years of the Queen's reign is a matter of history. The alliance with O'Connell was the most constant and the bitterest reproach hurled at Lord Melbourne, just as the present government is twitted with its dependence on the Independent Labour Party. That the Manchester Radicals were a serious party is proved by the fact that twice in the 'fifties Disraeli, maddened by the unbreakable front of Liberal Conservatism under Palmerston, attempted to make an alliance with Bright, but, when he found it wouldn't do, laughed it off. This three party business was the cause of the scandalous misconduct of the Crimean War.

By 1881 everything was changed. Palmerston, Russell, Cobden, and Beaconsfield were dead. Bright was politically dead. Gladstone had begun his career as a demagogue, and had absorbed in his train the floating Radical discontents. The field was thus opened on both sides for the genius of Parnell, who in ten years proved himself one of the greatest party leaders in English politics. The Irish Nationalists founded, commanded, and led by Parnell, were the first real third party in the House of Commons. It had its own organization, its own funds, whips, speakers, and a discipline as regards policy and attendance, which for strictness recalls the rule of the earlier monastic orders. Parnell's leadership lasted barely ten years; but the Irish Nationalists existed as a third party until the treaty of 1922, which surrendered five-sixths of Ireland to the rebels. The reduction of the Irish representation in the House of Commons from 100 to 12 members from Ulster, of whom 10 are Unionists, and the growth of the Labour Socialist Party from 2 in 1900 to 142 in 1922, profoundly changed English politics, and produced a re-grouping of parties, a subject which I must leave to another article.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF D. H. LAWRENCE

By R. E. WARNER

WITH a vengeance the mantle of Tolstoy has descended on the novelist. There is scarcely one of them to-day who is not a proselytizer, and, as for the reader, his lending library has often superseded his church. Even the cinema is a less powerful social force than the novel; for the cinema supplies its patrons with only the fewest and vaguest ethical ideas, whereas the novel, by the fact of being written in words, must give its readers ideas which can be, and are, related to their social life. And so, for sociological reasons alone, it is sometimes profitable to isolate the thought of a novelist from his expression of it, since, directly or indirectly, didactic he is certain to be.

The reputation of D. H. Lawrence rested as much on his extravagant ideas as on his success in expressing them. There are many people who, a few days ago, used to regard him as "England's greatest living novelist." Now that he is dead, it is worth while to dissect the body of his thought.

One could see from headlines in the papers that announced Lawrence's death, that his popular reputation was a "sexy" one. Banned novels, and pictures confiscated by the police—these give Demos food for thought. It is true, of course, that Lawrence's books are full of what are called "revolutionary" ideas about sex. So was *La Garçonne*; but if there was nothing more in Lawrence than in Victor Marguerite, "England's greatest living novelist" must have been a bitter advertisement for his country's art. The truth is that Lawrence wrote not about sex but about life, with no apology for the word. His revolutionary ideas about sex are determined by much wider hypotheses.

Sex was the string upon which he threaded his thought; it was, if you like, his headstone of the corner. In an article he wrote for a Sunday paper he made the astonishing statement that "Beauty is Sex." But always his attitude is more like that of a man gripping his walking stick, than of one who raises adoring hands to a God. Those intellectual authors, such as Wyndham Lewis, who have attacked him, have not seen that they were attacking a fact rather than a character. For Lawrence is as truly a champion of the free intellect as is the Editor of *The Enemy*.

Lawrence, for all his Mexicophilism, is an intellectual revivalist. His view of life is not Christian, not quite Greek; but it is still less a jazz view, a cosmopolitan view, or an animal view. He differs from the Greeks chiefly in carrying their freedom a stage further. His ethics are not those of Aristotle; his individuality is more thorough. After he has scrapped Christianity, he would scrap other complexes of ideas—patriotism, filiality, and, most emphatically, democracy. For he sees that these ideas are interdependent with the Christian doctrine of love. When that goes, the rest must go as well. The vain struggle to make the best of two worlds is to be seen in 'Kangaroo.' It is a struggle which ends with an affirmation—you cannot serve yourself and your neighbour. And though, superficially, there is nothing very striking nowadays in a mere denial of Christian civilization, nevertheless, when such a denial proceeds on logical paths and ends in an original system, it is deserving of notice.

There are no reservations, no "if it was only true," about Lawrence's opposition to the gospel of love. He simply "returns the ticket." "I don't



of valour in the spirit of a craven. A megalomaniac the great commandments. Friendship is different. It can be admitted within Aristotelian limits, where it entails no essential sacrifice; but the duty to love is absolutely ruled out. Somers ends by hating the great Australian prophet.

There remains a certain desire for power. Here Lawrence is close to Nietzsche. But he soon parts company; for reject love, and you must reject power, too, since power is at the other side of the medal. Lilly, in 'Aaron's Rod,' is the type of a man who is in process of freeing himself even from this last infirmity. What remains now? Simply a crude, isolated self, endeavouring to be true to itself, not to be enticed from that magic circle. It is the autarches over again, the single mind, the *vade retro* of intellect to emotion. And now there is the dilemma of Descartes. The individual soul has been saved, but where is everything else? The essential reality of human relationships has been denied. A kind of solipsism seems in sight.

As to the external world, Lawrence, an artist and a novelist, is content to open his eyes and see. He is not interested in problems of perception. What is important, however, for the self-sufficient man is to relate, not his eyes, but his spirit to the universe. The subject must have its object. Otherwise, madness.

Love has been rejected, except in the physical sense. Any spiritual self-abandonment to another will is just ruled out as servile and death-bringing. And, anyhow, there is no contact to be achieved that way. Man is isolated, not by necessity only but by choice, from man. There remains only God, and the greatest of the commandments.

But Lawrence's God cannot be the Christian God, who is anthropomorphic because of man's desires, desires which have been rejected root and branch. And here the Christian apologist can smile again, if he is so inclined. He can point to the course of Lawrence's thought, and show it losing itself at last, like any fatuous fire. For Lawrence, driven back on God, has never defined Him. "The dark God," "the great dark God," "the God deep down"—such phrases occur over and over again in his later books. He goes to Mexico and Greece for his Gods, and he finds them satisfactory when compared with the God of Christianity. But they are not truly satisfactory. There remains something incongruous in a twentieth-century man who worships at the shrine of Quetzalcoatl. Nevertheless, it is here, rather than in the churches, that for Lawrence the spark of divinity persists. These primitive cults, with their large phallic element, are the best symbols that he can find for his deity. For he has attempted something no less audacious than a new religion, a new scheme of life. He lays hold of a kind of phallicism as a man grips a walking-stick, as the one material fact of communion that there is to hand. And at that basic fact he parts company with the rest of the world. Where Christianity ascends, he burrows, as burrow he must if he is to be logical.

His choice of symbols may be neither perfectly apt nor very attractive. The Christian apologist could certainly have the laugh of him in dialectical theology. But that would be partly because the Christian apologist would have counters ready to his hand. Lawrence had to make his own theological counters, and most of them remain vague and insubstantial.

Lawrence, however, has lit a candle, and this might raise a conflagration. He has not appealed to men's minds by logic, but by novel-writing, and there are many who will regard his main characters as possibly true, and inwardly happy and coherent. And if the churches fail, and barbarism fails, perhaps people will choose between Lawrence and Tolstoy.

## MORE GRAMOPHONE MUSIC

By JOHN PIPER

IT is a long time now since gramophones ceased to be objects of curiosity not to be touched except by the owner in case they fell to pieces or blew up, but it is not so very long since the first piece of music was reproduced on a gramophone with anything else than a horrid noise. There are people who still insist that a Beethoven quartet on the gramophone is no more than a horrid noise, just as there are some others who think the same about a Beethoven quartet *not* on the gramophone, but each of these classes is dwindling. Very recently Sir Thomas Beecham was fulminating against those people who still thought that what they heard on the wireless or on a gramophone was music; but probably Sir Thomas Beecham himself would agree that the instrument has musically educative possibilities. If you like a certain movement of a certain symphony, you can play it again straight away, to confirm or condemn your first impression. If you don't like it, you can play it again to try to find out why, and in any case, and however little, you know it better than before.

It is dangerous and foolish to talk too much about "educating the public" in music or in any of the other arts. Those who want to know, we are told, will know; those who have a gift will exercise it: but there is after all such a thing as opportunity, and what the gramophone companies record, and what they do not, probably has a greater influence than is generally realized on the state of musical culture of, at any rate, the "semi-musical." There is no possible reason, of course, why a gramophone company should behave like a philanthropic institution, supplying what the public does not want for its own good: even if it were for its own good. But with the semi-musical public it is rather a case of not knowing what it does want until it has got it, and at least it is a pity that the two companies in England, who are at present responsible for recording most of the music other than popular music, so often double one another's recordings instead of producing unrecorded works for which there is a crying need. For instance, there are three or four versions, all of some merit, of at least two of Beethoven's nine symphonies, and while it is desirable to have other versions for comparison, it is a pity that no more than seven of Mozart's forty-one are available, while among these seven there are at least two versions in England of three.

Popularity is bound to dictate at the outset, but it is not unreasonable to suggest that no more Wagner be considered until at least a few of Bach's Cantatas (other than mere excerpts) have been done, and perhaps some of the concertos for one, two, three or four pianos. Then an extremely interesting sidelight might be thrown on musical history by the knowledge of something of the Italianized-German School—of the music of such men as Telemann and Kuhnau, which is bound to remain unknown to all but the score-reader—and it has been untouched by the excellent series of Lecture records recently produced.

Of Palestrina there is only one Mass, and the recording of that is not very satisfactory. And yet think of the number of different versions by vocalists of all countries singing 'Sonny Boy'!

Artur Schnabel and Egon Petri will not record; but they are not the only famous pianoforte soloists who could be found to play satisfactory versions of all the unrecorded Sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart. But of all the things which it is a joy to listen to on the gramophone, a string quartet is perhaps the best. The centenary year brought us many of Beethoven's (with the unfortunate omission of the Grosse Fugue, Op. 133), but there are still few of Mozart, and fewer still of other composers. Handel, too, has by no means been over-

done. Liszt is fairly well represented, but rather than repeating again and again the hackneyed Hungarian Rhapsodies, could we not be given other piano works, such as the unrecorded 'St. Francis and the Birds,' and that other Saint who walked upon the waves?

One of the most crying needs of all is for records of modern music. How can the man in the street know what he likes and what he doesn't like of twentieth-century music when he cannot read a score and can only listen to an occasional B.B.C. concert of contemporary music on the wireless? Debussy, César Franck and Richard Strauss are safe in their niches and the records on the shelf, and of Ravel there is at least the 'Mother Goose' suite and a lovely Introduction and Allegro. Stravinsky, too, we can know something of (though we should like to know 'Œdipus Rex' and 'Apollo Musagetes' better than we can from one American record of the latter), but what of Bartok, Hindemith, Honegger, the French School (such as they are, but how are we to judge from one Poulenc trio?). And of contemporary Englishmen ought we not to be allowed the opportunity of knowing more of Arnold Bax than an Oboe Quintet and 'Moy Mell' (not easily available) and a choral fragment? And something more of Vaughan Williams, and something at least of Bliss and Herbert Howells? How generally are all these names even known? They would be better known if their works were recorded. We can only be thankful recently for Constant Lambert's 'Rio Grande' and for William Walton's 'Portsmouth Point,' and we can but ask, and hope, for more.

## THE MANDARINS OF WARDOUR STREET

By DAVID OCKHAM

THE long and undistinguished history of the censorship, an epitome of the stupidity, the apathy, and the cowardice of humanity, has never known anything quite comparable with the British Film Censorship. This control is exercised by an unofficial body, which was set up by the trade lest a worse thing should befall it in the shape of supervision by a public authority. Unlike the British Censorship of Stage Plays, which had a purely political origin, but is now mainly concerned with other matters, the *raison d'être* of the Film Censorship was to protect the morals of the public, with special reference to young persons. In that capacity, it has not been entirely successful, to judge by the crude salacities of the average contemporary American film, and the tolerant eye that it turns to the totally unnecessary undressing scenes which nowadays form part of every producer's stock in trade. Nor has it been conspicuously successful in safeguarding young persons, who within the meaning of the Act are those under sixteen; while the aforesaid young persons are not supposed to see a film bearing the "A," or adult certificate, they have full liberty to do so when accompanied by anyone apparently over sixteen.

But the British Board of Film Censors has been quite extraordinarily successful in its intrusion into politics, as shown by the almost complete boycott of Russian non-propagandist films merely on the grounds of nationality. The determined but unsuccessful attempt to ban 'Dawn,' the Nurse Cavell film, was one of its few political failures. Also, which is understandable to anyone who knows how the British film industry is controlled by Hollywood, our censors are far more tolerant of American films than of those of any other country, including the native product.

The Board's latest appearance in the limelight has been caused by its refusal to license 'The Queen's

Necklace,' a reconstruction of history made under the auspices of the French Government, unless the exhibitor agreed to excise a scene depicting the flogging and branding of the Countess de la Motte. (Since the spectator is, however, permitted to see the whole before-and-after of the process, and to hear the agonized and realistic screams of the victim, this deletion leaves very little to the imagination.) Here the Censorship seems to have imagined itself on safe ground, since its published regulations specifically state that it will not license scenes of the flogging of a woman and of the branding of persons of either sex. Unfortunately, the Mandarins of Wardour Street have again stultified themselves, since they have in the past licensed quite a number of films in which the flogging of women was offered as a special attraction, including 'Broken Blossoms,' which has publicly been shown all over the country. One law for Hollywood, and another for Elstree, Paris, and Berlin, with Moscow completely outside the pale. I am not quite sure whether to call this a policy of sticking up for one's friends, or that of showing one's hand rather too openly.

The operations of the British Board of Film Censors concern anyone who is still so old-fashioned as to cherish a lingering belief in the value of liberty, even after the conclusion of a war to end Prussianism. By setting up a Cabinet Noir, the Censorship has deprived the public of masterpieces freely available in every other country—including the United States, where the term "Red" is synonymous with Satan—or has prevented those works of art from being shown save under conditions of which only a limited section of the community can avail itself. You may say that such a policy touches only the relatively small number of people interested in the art of the film. It does not. It touches elementary rights and conceptions of freedom, and this in a community claiming to be a democracy. It enables a handful of people, not chosen for a conspicuous knowledge of the world, or even a conspicuous knowledge of the cinema, to dictate to the British public what films it may and what it may not see, and to mangle and destroy those which it is allowed to see. Moreover, it does most of this work in the dark, since it is only on rare occasions that the average newspaper reader learns either that a film has been banned, or that it has been presented to him in a badly mutilated form. And this oligarchy is exercised over the most popular and universally appreciated form of entertainment that the world has even known, over a medium which surpasses the book, the newspaper, and the pulpit in its scope for propaganda.

The affair of the 'Necklace' has had the good result of focusing public attention on the whole question of the film censorship, and one even hears that the trade is beginning to tire of the existing position. This may be or may not. It is only a few weeks ago that Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., who succeeded the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor as President of the Board, declared with smug satisfaction that the present system was "acceptable" to the industry as a whole, and was endorsed by the public—which knows nothing of its workings. Since the only alternative to the existing method is some public form of censorship, exercised either on the lines of the Lord Chamberlain's Department or by autonomous local authorities, who could infallibly be relied on to conflict with each other, it seems unlikely that the trade would prefer public control to back-stair method.

I am not sufficiently optimistic to believe in the likelihood of the success of any campaign for the abolition of the film censorship, even if such abolition were entirely desirable. But there is a vast difference between the manner in which the Lord Chamberlain exercises his absolute powers over the stage, and



the underhand fashion that characterizes the censorship of films in England. The advantage of a system of censorship exercised by any public authority is that it is in the last resort amenable to Parliament. The Film Censorship is responsible to nothing or nobody, not even to the trade which created it and now blindly observes its ukases, so that the exhibitor who wishes to present a film banned for purely political reasons runs the risk of financial ruin.

## ROOFS

BY AN AIRMAN

EVERYBODY who travels about the world by air at all regularly must have noticed the extreme ugliness of roofs. It is because architects think of a building being admired from below. Until recently nobody ever thought of what it looked like from above.

The open country, on the whole, does not lose its beauty when seen from above—unless, of course, you are at a very great altitude. Some details disappear, and fields look rather like chess-boards. But two things at least gain when looked at from a height of a few hundred feet. There is only one thing in the world more lovely than the sun shining on some miles of river widening out to sea, and that is the tops of trees in autumn. If Londoners only knew it, they have Paradise at their very gates—it lies about half a mile above Epping Forest on a bright October afternoon, when the woods below are a magic carpet of rich reds and bronze and purple. In spite of Whistler's jest about "Nature creeping up," the old lady does things with a more lavish hand than Turner or Watts when she chooses.

But, ye gods, the country houses! The roofs of a proud mansion look like a builder's back-yard, all gulleys and pipes, and a few chimney-pots in a stack of slates. They let the smoke out and keep the rain off, but they are hideous; one wonders how people can live in such ramshackle holes until one realizes that the owners have never seen them—from above.

Country towns are insignificant, unless they are on a hill, like Colchester, or Tonnerre in Burgundy; and Gothic architecture is not impressive from the air. There is too much angular roof to Gothic cathedrals, and the tapering spire looks rather like a sugar-loaf on the kitchen floor. The big bulge of a Renaissance dome is more effective, although this, too, has a distinct resemblance to a large dish-cover.

As for the great cities, the less said about them the better. They look very much like large slums, with very little difference between Kensington and Whitechapel. The newer suburbs, with their miles of regular red roofs, are better; they remind one of a colossal chicken-farm.

One day things will change. When everybody travels by air, rich men will want their friends to admire their artistic roofs, and architects will begin to think about the view from above as well as from below. Houses will have graceful curves and angles at the summit, and art will look up at the airman, and make him feel that "Home, Sweet Home" is not, after all, such a misnomer as it is to-day. From the point of view of a thousand feet up, it is perfectly true that God made the country very well, and man has made the towns a blot on the landscape.

In another hundred years, perhaps, we shall pull all our cities down and rebuild them. The first architect who studies his profession from the air should die a rich man, for he will introduce a new style of building, and every magnate in the land will want "something that looks all right from the sky."

## SMALL SHOPS

BY LOUISE CARROL

UP in London I have been renewing my household goods at the great shops. Where I live, twenty-three miles from London, there are no multiple stores, but our shops have their own charm. It is not the depth of the country and the shops are not village shops.

The grocer keeps just grocery. There used to be an unexpected stamp counter and reels of cotton, puncture outfits, toys and hammers cheek by jowl with the cut ham and the sardines. Now the only goods foreign to the genus called "dry" consist of a very unobtrusive pile of crockery in one corner. But every time I enter I see the same faces. The "boss" is always present and even the assistant goes on from year to year because he is the kind of man who finds London too far from home and has decided to throw in his lot with local endeavour.

The greengrocer is captain of the fire-brigade. You chat to him about the fine new engines as you buy his bananas. The grand lady's shop is run by the former sewing maid of my nearest neighbour—she is deferential, she is friendly, she is charming. Her interests are in social events. She is thrilled and tries in vain to be too Londony to show her pleasure when she can boast that Mrs. X-Y's dress at Mrs. A's party was a ready-made from her own emporium.

Fishmongers are a more fickle lot. They have a tendency to come and go, and yet, because they are really also, in private life, natives too, they know you even if you are not aware of it, and from the start they do not require to be told where to send your fish.

The butcher is a rascal. He beats his wife. The wife continually shakes her head as though there were sea-water in her ear after bathing. Perhaps he has beaten her on the head: that is one of the ills about which it is better to make no enquiry. But he is a real butcher and he knows a piece of meat, as the saying is, when he sees it.

Behind the baker's floury counter sits a British matron and a type of British beauty. Few duchesses are so impressive. Conversation with her is a civilizing act. You may have complaints, but before her they are too vulgar to utter; you may be in a hurry, but haste is undignified in converse with so much grace.

The newsagent is a tired and hard-working woman who simply will not take a holiday when she "has one of her headaches." She is, impersonally, shocked at the many ounces of sweets absorbed from her large bottles by the council-school children.

I have known them all, or nearly all, for nineteen years. Sometimes I think they like me because I pay my bills. Sometimes I think they like me because I am genuinely interested in them, but whatever may be the truth about that, we get on well and talk, even when our politics are different, like friends. Now what does the Londoner know of the people who cater for him? He may for years, of course, see the same person behind the counter in the same department: that is something. But the contact is only very slightly personal even when there is recognition. It is a machine serving you. The arm of a great machine gives and you put out your hand mechanically, too, to give in exchange, and so the whole thing is kept in motion. The machine does not care and it does not make you care about it in any human manner whatsoever.

One day the big shops, which already send out their vans to us, will spread out beyond the big towns and it will in all probability be much more convenient, but your circle of acquaintances, and even of friends, will be the poorer.

## BLOOD WILL OUT

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

WE always said that Aunt Ruth should have lived in Cheltenham. "Cheltenham or Cranford," we used to say, and imagine her fine hands moving above Crown Derby cups, hands so fine we often wondered if they were really strong enough to lift the fat, silver teapot. Nothing vulgar ever came near Aunt Ruth; it was as if she were made of finer stuff than any other human being we knew. Her silver shone more merrily, her cucumber sandwiches were more frail, her servants were more silent and her lamps were better trimmed than any others in the little colonial town where we lived. Old Colonel Tremarton used to say that "There is something so right about your Aunt Ruth." And in that lay the essence of her being.

Some people hated her, of course. Yet they never forgot her. Strangely enough, her husband never came into the picture. There again, Colonel Tremarton hit the nail on the head: "She should never have married, your Aunt Ruth. She should have been a graceful old maid living in Cranford." So one can dismiss the husband of Aunt Ruth and leave him sitting, with his file of *The Times* and his *Blackwoods*, never, in all the fourteen years he was in the colony, thinking of buying a colonial newspaper. The newspaper file used to arrive once a week. The six papers were placed on the library table and he'd read one every day. . . never more. Thus he preserved the English sensation of reading his *Times* every morning. And in all those years he never failed to say "Punch is not what it was, you know." But he never failed to read it and tell us the joke he liked best. I became critical in later years and discovered that he usually missed the point in recounting the story. In that lay his nonentity. He always missed the point. So he lived in a shadow while Aunt Ruth moved in a subdued lamplight, noiseless as a kitten, straight as a poker.

Aunt Ruth was given to good works and her knitting needles chattered endlessly, with scarves and socks and snowy babies' vests growing beneath them. There was never a stitch amiss nor a colour that was garish or out of the picture, in that room of flowered chintz, the apple-green carpet and the eight water-colours of the house and garden they had deserted in Sussex. So we were never surprised when she went off to some strange orphanage. It was characteristic of her that she sent her servant ahead of her, with the parcel of clothes. None of these things surprised us. But our horror was justified when she came back one day, announcing in a way that seemed nothing less than indecent, that she was going to adopt an "unfortunate" baby "to give it a chance in life."

She seemed to be besmirched then; one felt that the cucumber sandwiches were already thicker, the silver finger-marked, the Limerick lace-edged tea-clothes badly ironed. "Yes," she said, "a dear innocent little mite, still in his cradle. The mother killed herself, poor creature."

We never dared mouth the words, but "suicide and illegitimate" rattled against each other in our minds and we felt that Aunt Ruth had let us down. Why, we used to go to tea with her with much the same feeling as people take off their hats and enter a church. It was "quite preposterous." The word is not mine. It, too, belonged to Colonel Tremarton. And then he had said, "Blood will out, you know—blood will out." And the prophecy behind that was nothing less than dreadful.

We saw the baby grow into the boy. He always spoke in whispers and his delicate clothes always seemed to fit in with the old picture of lamplight and

water-colours, and the little French gilt pianoforte which was never opened.

She called the boy Basil. She dressed him a little affectedly and watched his diet and his temperature and his vocabulary and his accent with a sort of fluttering nervousness. There seemed every justification for Colonel Tremarton's pronouncement, on Basil's eighteenth birthday, that he was "A gentleman in spite of everything." The way he said "everything" reminded us of those two dreadful words that jangled in our imagination, eighteen years before, and we felt thoroughly ashamed of ourselves.

And then the war came. Thousands of fine, laughing boys marched away, singing "It's a long way to Tipperary," and Basil went with them. We liked him in a way. We showered fountain pens and money belts and pocket books on him and sent him away, on the wave of band music and grey troopships and recruiting stations and khaki. Then we all rushed to our encyclopædias and read what we could about Gallipoli.

The posts were irregular and Uncle's files of *The Times* arrived all awry. From that time he weakened and died, in a little storm of Tory indignation. Some subtle strength went out of the house with him, for Aunt Ruth faded and cried. He must have given her some background, some strength we had never seen or suspected. I have a picture of her sitting in her chair, wrapped up in woolly things, sipping her last cups of tea. Her hands were so uncertain that the cup rattled in the saucer. One day, she just dropped her knitting needles and gasped and died.

Then the story rolls on for six years, with little to tell. The war ended and Basil, with enough money to be described as "comfortably off," stayed in England and sent orders that everything should be sold. I think our very souls were shocked on the day when we saw the eight water-colours and the Crown Derby cups "put up for auction." I remember how we sold the two acres beside the railway line, so that we could buy the things ourselves and keep them in the family.

And then came the drizzling afternoon when I went to hear Tetrassini sing at the Albert Hall. I had been in England for two years then, but I never made any effort to see Basil. He had shocked us in a way that could be forgiven, but never forgotten. Dear, plump Tetrassini had smiled herself off the platform, above an herbaceous border of baskets and bouquets, and we were walking along towards Hyde Park Corner. Somebody hailed me from a car, a maroon car, drawn up beside the road. I saw Basil at the wheel, and with him and in the back seat were a bunch of young people. A week afterwards, one of us ventured to admit, openly, that they were "hardly ladies." He wore a tie pin made out of one of Aunt Ruth's rings.

Of course I went over to him. He was a little drunk, I think, because he got out of the car, smacked me on the shoulder and said, "Bloody glad to see you. But I don't suppose you're glad to see me."

I stiffened. I am sorry now, but I did it instinctively. I saw the upholstery in the car, a sort of figured chintz. And there were silver vases, with pink carnations and maidenhair fern. "San fairy Ann," he laughed, pronouncing the words just like that. "Row your own boat, I say. Blood will out." Then he got into the car again and drove away.

We had taken a small house in Tit Street. When we arrived home for tea, Aunt Ruth's Crown Derby cups were waiting for us. We had packed them very carefully, in nests of cotton wool, and brought them across the world. Our fingers shivered as we touched them. It was like opening an old book and finding flowers pressed between its pages—lifting them up, with a touch as gentle as a butterfly's foot, in case you hurt them.



## THE THEATRE

### STRONGLY RECOMMENDED

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*She Stoops to Conquer.* By Oliver Goldsmith. Lyric, Hammersmith.

*Down Our Street.* By Ernest George. Vaudeville Theatre.

*De la Folie Pure.* A Revue, Victoria Palace.

THE very simple truth about 'She Stoops to Conquer' is that it is a rattling good popular comedy. It is not a masterpiece; it is not a work of genius; one would even shrink from calling it a "great" play. It contains only a few short scenes that "read" well; its literary style, though often graceful, is hardly to be called distinguished; its humour is English rather than sophisticated, and its plot ingenious rather than convincing. Yet it lives to-day, after more than a hundred and fifty years, and I fancy it gives more genuine enjoyment to an ordinary playgoing audience than any other classic comedy in English dramatic literature. The fact is that in writing it Goldsmith achieved what he set out to do. He held that the function of comedy was simply to amuse, and he wrote 'She Stoops to Conquer' with the entertainment of the audience as his sole immediate ambition. You may say that in order to conquer he, too, stooped; but it cannot be denied that he did, and still does, conquer. The laughter of the Easter Monday audience at the Lyric, Hammersmith, was quite indisputable evidence of that!

Sir Nigel Playfair has gathered an excellent company for this revival, and has produced it as the simple, honest comedy it is. The familiar Playfair mannerisms, with which he decorates the works of Sheridan and Congreve, would be sadly out of place in unpretentious Goldsmith, and he has had the good sense to give us an intelligent, straightforward presentation. Naturally one queries certain details. For instance, I personally would have preferred that Hardcastle's garden at night should have looked rather more like a garden, and rather less like an economy—which is what a merely blacked-out stage does inevitably suggest. Nor did I care for the overdone burlesque of Mrs. Hardcastle; there is satire, of course, in the character, but I think a gentler and more human, and less conventionally farcical, interpretation would be more in keeping with the spirit of the comedy. And Sir Nigel himself seemed to drift in and out of his own Tony Lumpkin. True, he was always there when wanted—vigorously there and most amusingly; and besides, he had a particular anxiety on Monday night. Miss Lydia Sherwood (who will be playing Miss Hardcastle during the remaining fortnight of this three-weeks' run) was unable to appear, and her part was being played by a substitute, Miss Cherry Cottrell, who, I understand, had never played this part before. I can pay Miss Cottrell the compliment of saying that it was the circumstances only, and not her performance, that gave occasion for managerial anxiety. Her Kate Hardcastle was a sound, charming and amusing interpretation of a far from easy rôle. The Hardcastle of Mr. George Merritt was a living and robust performance, especially good in the scenes where Marlow's unintended insolence exasperates him almost beyond endurance. But the two most interesting creations were the Marlow of Mr. Eric Portman and the Hastings of Mr. Richard Caldicot: the former the perfection of elegance, even in his moments of stammering embarrassment, the latter simply a healthy, athletic young man who happened to be wearing eighteenth-century clothes. A hasty judgment would assert that Mr. Caldicot was much too modern for a costume play; but is there any reason

to believe that the young men of Goldsmith's time were so utterly different from those of this early twentieth century as the conventions of costume-acting lead one to suppose? Surely the elegance of those days was acquired rather than natural, and often reached perfection only with the end of youth and the approach of middle age? Then, was Mr. Portman wrong, more elegant than the youthfulness of Marlow warrants? Not a bit of it. Even in these days of less luxurious attire there are many men whose manners are easy and graceful, while others are more rough-and-ready. So in the eighteenth century there must have been young men like Mr. Portman's Marlow and others like Mr. Caldicot's Hastings; and dramatically the contrast is of enormous value to the play. Incidentally, Mr. Portman's performance was the finest interpretation of an eighteenth-century hero I have ever seen; it was brilliantly conceived, and executed with astonishing perfection. Let no one say we have no actors capable of playing "costume" parts!

'Down Our Street' is a highly entertaining picture of life in the East End of London, and consists to a very large extent of family rumpuses. The family is that of Mr. Collins, barber, the lazy, selfish, noisy, cowardly—and extremely amusing—father of Belle Collins. Belle, eighteen years of age and much too modern for her parents' liking, attracts the amorous attention of a certain Charlie Stubbs, a bright young man who has already been "pinched" for petty larceny, and is heading straight for a life of penal servitude. Her father, mother and Uncle Sam immediately set about rescuing her from this undesirable association.

Unfortunately these rescuers instead of being allies are three independent forces, and spend so much time in fighting one another that no concerted attack on their main object is ever possible. Mr. Collins has only to put in a word, invariably a tactless word, for his wife to round on him and become a bullying wife instead of a devoted, anxious mother. Mrs. Collins has only to try to influence her daughter with a sympathetic, motherly appeal, and her fool of a husband must needs interrupt with a contemptuous, blusteringly abusive criticism. And Uncle Sam, a bookie's tout, is less in favour with the Collins parents than he might have been had his racing tips been more successful. Eventually Charlie is arrested in connexion with a burglary, and Belle disappears. This leads to a third act, in which for a while the play takes on a tragic appearance. Mrs. Collins assumes the worst about her daughter, and Miss Nancy Price revealed very beautifully the wretchedness of the distracted mother. But Mr. Morris Harvey (I have never seen this actor so well suited or so good) was always there to remind us that the play was a comedy, by refusing to see anything more tragic in the situation than its interference with his own personal comfort and the selfish stupidity of the whole female sex. And the play ends happily enough with the acquittal of Charlie and the discovery that Belle is in respectable employment.

I can safely recommend this play to every sort of playgoer. It contains little plot, but quite enough to hold one's interest, and it serves most admirably to hang the decorations on.

The so-called 'Folies Bergère' revue at the Victoria Palace has suffered a sea-change on its journey to this country. After all, we have a Censor over here; and since hardly a single line of the original French dialogue or a single costume of the original French production would be sanctioned, it is not altogether surprising that this very British version differs very little from the ordinary touring revue that is familiar in our provincial and suburban music-halls. Mr. Charles Austin, assisted by Mr. Walter Williams and the Tiller Girls, provides considerable entertainment of a simple, unsophisticated kind.

## THE FILMS

## OLD WARS IN NEW BOTTLES

BY MARK FORREST

*Journey's End.* Directed by James Whale. The Tivoli.  
*Balaclava.* Directed by Maurice Elvey and Milton Rosmer.  
 Trade Show.

INTELLIGENT filmgoers, having read a novel or seen a play upon which a film is based, generally come away asking themselves why the director and the adapter have not stuck to the story with which they were presented, and why they have improvised additions which are worthless; no one will be able to come away from 'Journey's End' thus questioning themselves, because the adapter, Mr. Moncure March, and the director, Mr. Whale, have imitated the play with such fidelity that the film is virtually no more than a translation from the stage to the screen. Such interpolations as have been made are excellently conceived and well accomplished, but beyond showing Stanhope's company coming into the line, the raid in which Osborne is killed and a few glimpses of a trench, the film adds nothing to the play. By thus challenging the theatre upon its own ground the film does itself a disservice, because however good the recording is—and it is very good and clear in this picture—the drama of the film is a shadow beside the drama of the stage. One misses the quality of quiet intensity about the latter, and scenes which before appeared smooth now seem harsh when the living personalities are absent. I refer particularly to the letter scene and the one between Osborne and Raleigh prior to the raid.

Colin Clive, who played the part of Stanhope on the stage, plays it again on the screen and once more gives an excellent reading of the character upon which he never loses his grip for a moment. Ian Maclaren's schoolmaster and the Raleigh of David Manners are both good, but the others, though adequate, are not so finished in their performances as were those of the original company upon the stage over here, and I could not help feeling that if the film was to ape the play so closely, it would have gained a little more if not only Colin Clive but the whole of the original cast had been taken to Hollywood. Nevertheless, the ordinary pitfalls which have encompassed the downfall of many films made by America with English material have been avoided by this enterprise, which is English throughout, and the picture should serve to raise the prestige of English films considerably.

The same English company, the Gainsborough, is also responsible for the production of 'Balaclava,' which will be released for public exhibition in the near future. The picture provides an interesting contrast to 'Journey's End.' Mr. Boyd Cable has written a melodramatic story around the chief incident, the charge of the Light Brigade, which is sufficiently interesting to support the film until the main event, and the directors have subordinated that story and rightly subordinated it to the charge and its aftermath which are very well filmed. In this picture are the skirling of the bagpipes, the picturesque uniforms and innumerable bugle calls—a rather different portrayal of war from the aspect of it shown in 'Journey's End,' but one to which the film medium, as exploited in the two pictures, lends itself much better. The atmosphere of the whole film is thoroughly British, but I wished that Lord Raglan, played by J. Fisher White, had been given a chance to be a little less British and a little more human. Miles Mander makes a very brief but delicious appearance as a cad, but Cyril

Maclaglen is somewhat wooden as the hero. Benita Hume makes a charming cameo out of the part of the girl, and the humour is provided by Betty Bolton and Alf Goddard, the latter a little too reminiscent of the Cockney of the present war. They serve to lighten a film the outcome of which is perforce a little depressing. The recording, probably because the majority of the picture is "shot" in the open air, is uneven in places, in contrast to that of 'Journey's End,' but the latter is filmed almost entirely indoors. The two films are, I hope, the harbingers of a brighter era for British companies.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—218

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. A morning newspaper commented on a recent case as follows:—"He posed as an Old Etonian and the public school manner was apparently so natural to him that none challenged his claim." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the secret of the public school manner, such disclosure not to exceed 250 words.

B. On Palm Sunday Ypres Cathedral, having been completely restored, was opened for service again. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Poem of not more than 25 lines upon this subject.

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 217A or LITERARY 217B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 5. The results will be announced in the issue of May 10.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 215

SET BY D. WILLOUGHBY

A. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering into modern English of the opening paragraph (not more than 250 words) of a leading article written on receipt of a report that Thomas à Becket has been killed in Canterbury Cathedral. The style and sentiment should conform with those to be expected in some one or other of our current daily or weekly papers if a similar painful occurrence had to be recorded on another page. If the name of the newspaper is given, the task of judging will be facilitated.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best address, in verse, by a contemporary party leader to a distinguished but "difficult" follower—say, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Maxton or Mr. Runciman. For model, he



takes one of those Cavalier poets who used to address themselves to such desirable though troublesome ladies as *Lucasta*, *Amanda* and *Lycoris*. The wording may be sheer cajolery; or may contain a warning; or may convey an ultimatum. Even impudence is admissible. Any anthology of seventeenth-century verse abounds in examples of each manner.

#### REPORT FROM MR. D. WILLOUGHBY

215A. Many competitors managed very nicely to combine the modern journalistic touch with the spirit of the Middle Ages. I was particularly glad to note that hardly any of our leader-writers forgot themselves to the point of blaming King Henry for the unhappy business. Judging was a hard task, but Desmond deserves first prize. His paragraph is no parody: it is the *Daily Telegraph* itself, merely translated into another century. Mr. Kirby Hewlett comes next. If the level of his essay is less admirable, he has perpetrated two strokes of genius. Bix plagiarized prettily from the *Manchester Guardian*; Athos and M. Gatehouse from *The Times*. Messrs. Harrison and Rutherford, taking the *Morning Post* as their model, scented, but did not mention, Bolshevism behind the scenes. Mr. Gates was clever in his attempt to divine what the *Daily Herald* would have thought about it all. His assurance that the Government "intends to implement the Royal Commission's recommendations" would have brought him third prize—had one been on offer.

#### FIRST PRIZE

Englishmen, irrespective of class or creed, will read with horror the news of the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which we publish this morning in another column. Few of us imagined that a career of such brilliance, both in the temporal and the ecclesiastical service, would be so abruptly terminated; but the shock of the moment must not be allowed to obscure the true perspective of events. The struggle between Church and State as to the limits of clerical jurisdiction has lately grown in intensity. Ecclesiastical partisans may seek to enlist further sympathy by pointing to the Archbishop as a victim to personal enmity in high places. While we deplore the whole tragedy, we consider this would be a false and most dangerous assertion. Ethical considerations apart, the temporal power fully realizes the hostility it would arouse by the use of violence; and it would never practise it against a prince of the Church in the shelter of the House of God. The true explanation is the simpler. This dark crime is the work of four turbulent adventurers; failing to reap a harvest in foreign lands, they have turned their swords to butchers' work at home. Again and again we have denounced in our columns the facility with which our more disreputable chivalry can enter and leave the country. Perhaps in future a more adequate watch will be kept both on our own coasts and in our French possessions.

(After the *Daily Telegraph*)  
DESMOND

#### SECOND PRIZE

The feelings of the nation have been outraged by the wicked deed committed in Canterbury Cathedral. Although we live in times when life is of small value, this violation of the rights of the sanctuary will be deplored by all true lovers of justice. The four assassins have committed a crime that will for ever blot the pages of our history and, whoever they are, they must be brought to account. The murdered

Thomas à Becket, created Archbishop of Canterbury eight years ago by decree of our Most Gracious King, was a great champion of the rights of the people and, as a Prelate of the Church, he was unequalled for devotion and loyalty. His adherents were numerous and he will be mourned by all classes alike. Our only regret is that he did not take note of the warning we gave in a leading article published eight years ago. Since that time events we so clearly foresaw have come to pass. Again, on this solemn occasion, we take the opportunity of warning the people of this country. Prosperity and Security can only be obtained by a closer connexion between King, Church and People. A United Kingdom can and will only be an accomplished fact when every man, woman and child in the country makes a united effort for that purpose.

The tragic death of the Archbishop of Canterbury cannot fail to excite, etc. . . .

(After the *Daily Mail*)  
KIRBY HEWLETT

215B. Unfortunately, the two prizes for verse go to the two winners in the prose competition, and in the same order. Desmond's last line may be technically amiss, and a seventeenth-century rhymster would certainly have thought nothing of eliding the superfluous syllable from "Liberals," but the fault is compensated by the political shrewdness. Mr. Hewlett's opinions on the Empire Crusade do not seem to coincide with those of this REVIEW, but judgment must not be warped by such a trifle. N. B. sent us the lines which in themselves were best, but he did not follow the direction of taking a Cavalier for his model. Bede was good but Byronic: W. G. was amusing but much too modern, Lavengro forgot that the Prime Minister would not write a satire on himself to Mr. Maxton.

#### FIRST PRIZE

A FEW LINES DIRECTED TO MR. JAMES MAXTON BY HIS  
NOMINAL LEADER

Absent from me you languish still;  
I ask you not when you return.  
When you (so soon) have talked your fill  
The fickle flame will cease to burn.  
Wild thing, you fluttered from my hand,  
That, all untutored, you might test  
The sober temper of the land,  
An exile from the Labour nest.  
When wandering in the crimson maze  
Think not I am your helpless slave;  
Rebellion was an empty blaze  
When you denied—and Liberals gave.  
DESMOND

#### SECOND PRIZE

THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN TO LORD  
BEAVERBROOK

Tell me not, lad, I am unkind  
That from the flummery  
Of thy crusade, my honest mind,  
To compromise did fly.  
True, that I came quite half the way,  
Across the Empire field;  
With strong desire to see you stay  
Behind the party shield.  
Yet I'm a shepherd with a crook  
That you'll in time adore;  
I could not love thee, Beaverbrook,  
Loved I not Stanley more.  
KIRBY HEWLETT

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

## THE CAMBRIDGE CHANCELLORSHIP

SIR,—Your remark that Cambridge may think it wise to go outside the political field for a Chancellor is both interesting and important.

It has always seemed to me wrong for the Chancellorship to be held by a statesman. Professional politics are not good training for anything outside politics. I should oppose an Ecclesiastic; the views of Ecclesiastics are always strongly biased on any subject with which they deal.

Brixton, S.W.

I am, etc.,

A. E. BALE

## PALESTINE

SIR,—On pages 146-7 of their Report the Palestine Inquiry Commission apparently accept the evidence of certain witnesses heard *in camera* (probably Mr. A. S. Mavrogordato, the Commandant, and Major A. Saunders, the Assistant Commandant, who were the only police officers to give evidence *in camera*) that the native police during the recent disturbances "under the stress of circumstances became practically valueless."

May I be permitted to give you one concrete instance within my own knowledge in which the Palestine Government, no doubt after mature consideration, took a course in which gross misconduct was treated with a leniency which I suggest neither would nor could be applied in any other country under the British flag.

On August 13, 1928, one of the most trusted and courageous officers in the Palestinian Police, Khein El Din Effendi Bessesso, M.B.E., was found guilty by the Supreme Court presided over by the Chief Justice for having spirited out of the country a witness for the defence in a criminal case on the eve of the actual trial. So far from being dismissed, a definite form of bureaucratic procedure normally employed in cases of misconduct, and which destroys eligibility for pension, he was allowed to adorn the cadres of the Palestine Government, apparently in the receipt of his full pay, until March 14, 1929, when his "employment was terminated" (which is not the same as dismissed). He was subsequently allowed to serve the Government in the Department of Customs and Excise in the capacity of Tobacco Officer, though no official appointment would appear ever to have been gazetted, and although the Head of the Department has, no doubt, prudently declined to vouchsafe information as to whether his employment is permanent, temporary or casual.

Assuming that the Palestine Government accept the finding in this matter of its Court, the obvious inference is that it treats misconduct of this character as more or less excusable, and no serious disqualification for the fulfilment of public duties.

I have in my possession a copy of the judgment of the Supreme Court dated August 13, 1928, which I hold at your disposal should you require it. The notice of the termination of the employment of Khein El Din Effendi Bessesso, M.B.E., appears in the Palestine Official Gazette of April 1, 1929.

I am, etc.,

1 Hare Court,  
Temple, E.C.4

HORACE SAMUEL

SIR,—My departure from the usual rule of not replying to political propagandists is due to the fact that Mr. Cohen's objections to my article indirectly include certain statements which tend to mislead the British public.

With regard to the Palestinian independence, he should read the chapter entitled, 'Broken Faith with the Arabs,' in Mr. Jeffries's book, wherein the author reproduces the texts of the McMahon correspondence, and notes other facts in it which go to prove the case entirely. The Shaw Report gives the figures of the 1928 census at about 83 per cent., and when the countless nomads of the land, who refused to be registered, are to be accounted for, the figures would approximate to what I had mentioned. It is not eighty per cent. at any rate.

About the economic distress in Palestine, he should note Article 35 on page 162 of the Shaw Report, which reads: "The position is now acute. There is no alternative land to which persons evicted can remove. In consequence a landless and discontented class is being created. Such a class is a potential danger to the country. . . . Crimes, excluding political disturbances, in 1921 were 11,000, in 1924 they amounted to 20,000, and in 1928 the figures rose to 27,000. Contrary to your correspondent's statement, the tax has gone up from five shillings to thirty-seven shillings and twopence. The Report does not dismiss the question of the grant of concessions as "unfounded." The actual words used are that the objections are "not well founded," which does not imply negation of the nature of the foundation, nor its existence. Furthermore, at a recent meeting of both Houses of Parliament, at which Lord Brentford presided, the Arab Delegation took strong exception to the Dead Sea concessions.

I am, etc.,

IKBAL ALI SHAH

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Israel Cohen's statement "that the Arab complaints about the grant of concessions have been dismissed in the report is unfounded," it would be more true to say that on this thorny subject the Commissioners had avoided the issues. The Arabs do not know by what authority the Mandatory Power deals with the property of Palestine and Transjordan, without consulting them, and without any real security being offered for their interests.

The grant of the Dead Sea concession to Moses Novomeysky carries with it conditions to which the Arabs make strong objection. The White Paper legalizes the output of the reduction of potash to farcical proportions that would not cause the present German potash monopolists a moment's uneasiness. Much better British plans that would develop Dead Sea potash to the output of 1,000,000 tons a year, and that made an offer acceptable to Arab interests, were rejected on most inadequate grounds.

In any event it would appear that the first £250,000 of the capital issue is reserved for unnamed financiers; of any capital in excess of this sum fifty per cent. shall be allotted to Palestinian citizens and Transjordanian nationals.

This carries no real guarantee of participation by the Arabs in the capital issue, for since the Palestinian citizens include Jews, the Arab share might be reduced to a minimum by preferential treatment of Jewish applicants for shares when the issue is open to the public.

The Arab wants to participate in the enterprise and needs some guarantee that the scheme will be progressively developed in the immediate future.

His share should be secured, whatever the Government may be, and he should be able to nominate one of his own people to represent him on the



board of any syndicate or company that develops the Dead Sea scheme, and there is no reason why such provision should not be made.

I am, etc.,

MARGARET MILNE FARQUHARSON  
President The National League

16 St. James's Street, S.W.1

#### 'ARE SCHOOLMASTERS BECOMING SOFT?'

SIR,—The schoolmaster's article in a recent issue, 'Are Schoolmasters Becoming Soft?' touches me on a tender place. I have three sons at, as it happens, three different public schools, and only one of these boys is getting what I regard as adequate training in the moral sphere, that is, forceful teaching on the subject of self-control, and sharp reminders when that teaching is ignored. The boys themselves admit that discipline is lax and offences inadequately punished.

Among the schoolmasters whom I know, the over-indulgent "boys-will-be-boys" attitude is the accepted one. This is a dangerous doctrine when not checked by the liveliest appreciation of the need for the inculcation of strict obedience to the law—whether it be the law of the school or of the State. To allow boys to grow up with the feeling that disobedience has no unpleasant results is disastrous to their characters.

I meet many parents of Public school boys, and I know that these opinions are widely spread. I hope the article in question will bring it home to headmasters that it is their duty to require in their assistants the clearest possible perception between right and wrong, and suitable treatment of offenders. Otherwise the public schools will, as is often predicted, go the way of all things which have outlived their utility.

I am, etc.,

C. F. WALLS

Kensington, W.

SIR,—Your pedagogic contributor is right in his assumption that there is something wrong with schoolmasters, but I doubt if his analysis is correct, and I feel confident that he is making too large demands on his colleagues. The trouble with them is that present-day methods of recruiting are unsuccessful if not detrimental, and that we are not getting the same type of man to teach that we had thirty years ago. Then, no doubt, there was less academic distinction among schoolmasters, and official training was unknown, yet there is no doubt that most of these men pulled it off. And the reason was that they were, above all, decent fellows, and the home atmosphere and general attitude of the families which sent their boys to the public schools were such as to respond to a decent fellow.

To-day our demands are different and conditions far more complex. Home conditions have altered radically, and the reimposition of harshness and discipline will do nothing to educate in any real sense a boy who has been treated at the age of 15 or 16 as if he were a young man of 21. That is the reason, apart from a perfectly sincere tendency and impulse, for the fraternization of boys and masters; and as long as masters are of the right type that fraternization is all to the good. We do not, in these days, and probably rightly, believe overmuch in punishment or in driving, but we do pretend that we believe in leading; and a real schoolmaster will lead far more effectively and intelligently by the softer methods of to-day than he would by the rather remote and cold methods of the past. It is, of course, a matter of personality, and no schoolmaster can lead in modern conditions without it. With it he compels a boy to think, act, decide, just because he has taught him to use his own mind, and he hopes that when those boys get

out into the world they will still fill the places they used to in the past. Indeed, there is no room nowadays for the typical public school man who has passed into the novel or short story, and who was admittedly narrow and, perhaps, unintelligent. There is need and room for men with intelligence who can use their minds, even if the old tradition of leadership has vanished from the blood; for men with sympathy who can lead in industry and in manufacture, where in the old days there was too much bullying, and for men with insight, which the "humanized methods," if properly applied, will inculcate far better than the old, rather senseless discipline.

I am, etc.,

ANOTHER SCHOOLMASTER

Edinburgh

#### MR. BALDWIN'S INCONSISTENCY

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin, in justifying the conferment of the vote upon the "flapper," said at Cardiff in October, 1927:

I have never wavered in my own view that even if you desire it, which I do not, you cannot go back on the pledges given by Mr. Bonar Law and myself. The time to complain was when Mr. Bonar Law declared himself in favour of equal franchise.

If, therefore, Mr. Baldwin felt himself bound to adhere to Mr. Bonar Law's pledge on this question, surely he is logically and equally bound by Mr. Bonar Law's pledge in regard to the use of the Referendum on food taxes. What was that pledge? Speaking at Ashton-under-Lyne in December, 1912, Mr. Bonar Law said:

I will tell you the reason—it seems to us a valid reason—why it would not do to submit these proposals to a Referendum after the completion of negotiations. Would it be fair to the Colonies to do that? Remember, they would come to the Conference, if they came at all, in this position—that if they agreed to an arrangement they would carry it out with the assent of their Parliament, while we could not carry it out in that way. In other words, they would come bound and we would come free. That is not a reasonable way to carry on negotiations. I do not think it would be fair to them, and that is the reason, and the sole reason, why we object to submit these proposals to a Referendum.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Conservative Party will never be responsible for the birth in this country of so revolutionary an alteration in our constitution as the Referendum, which Lord Crewe has so aptly described as "a foundling of foreign extraction."

I am, etc.,

Arthog, Hawthorn Road,  
Wallington, Surrey

ERNEST JAMES

#### MOTOR FATALITIES

SIR,—It is estimated that 6,100 human beings (men, women and children) were killed by motor vehicles in Great Britain in 1929. These fatalities are rapidly becoming more numerous. As speed increases, year by year, the harvest of Death grows larger.

It is evident, therefore, that at the very least 6,000 innocent persons, two-thirds of them women and children, are condemned, without trial or offence, to a death worse than hanging, in the course of the next twelve months; and no effective means are taken to save them.

Their only hope of a reprieve would lie in an immediate and drastic reduction of speed. I fear, however, that these 6,000 unhappy people will have to die, because a reduction of speed might, quite possibly, reduce the sales of the manufacturers of motor vehicles, and interfere with the amusement of their customers.

I am, etc.,

BERTRAND SHADWELL

Rome

## IN GENERAL

**I**N general, I draw scant nourishment from statistics. There are minds which weakly but instinctively avoid any table, chart or graph, minds which shy uncontrollably whenever they meet with these conspicuous heaps of road-metal alongside the path of knowledge. And, in matters of literature especially, mine is one of these. I remember the irritation with which I once read an American professor's diligent study, on what may be called actuarial lines, of Nature as an inspiring force in American literature. Gravely he assured me that W. C. Bryant made little use of insects in his writings, except for the bee, but introduced a wide assortment of mammals, thirty species of birds, nearly thirty of trees and forty-five flowers, of which last (as he gently remarked) "it is rather odd to note that none save the violet reappears more than once or twice." Walt Whitman, the professor discovered, scored pretty well with thirty trees, forty birds and of miscellaneous animals, "a veritable menagerie," including, rather unfairly, a mastodon. It was a dull business.

But my curiosity was tickled lately when reading an ingenious treatise on Art by the French critic who signs himself Ozenfant. The book is elaborate, as its author is concerned with the underlying relations of painting, sculpture, music, architecture, religion, philosophy, music and literature—and much besides. But in the section where he is directly considering the state of contemporary poetry, there are six pages of complicated tabulation, ruled into eighteen vertical columns, which certainly provide him with some interesting checks and confirmations of his arguments. These alarming columns are headed by certain recurrent words, images, colours and so on, which Ozenfant takes as an index to the psychological conditions which determine poetic expression. Thus, the vertical columns register the recurrence in the chosen poets of rain, the moon, stars, sun, of colours, such as black, green, rose, yellow and of modes of transport. Now, this in itself would be an odd thing to find in any work of criticism. It is made still odder to the unaccustomed eye by the author's use of typographical symbols, such as \*\*\* or ! ! !, to save space and to represent, respectively, starlight or raindrops. And it was refreshing to be advised by the experimenter to make similar explorations for oneself: one would do well, he says, to make use of the inexpensive temperature charts which can be obtained at any pharmacist's!

This I have not yet found the heart or leisure to do. But in case the weekly competitions fail to occupy the full leisure time of readers, I here pass on some indication of Ozenfant's scientific method, in the hope that someone more gifted than myself may apply to a characteristic English anthology what he has done to a French one.

The survey of modern French poetry which Ozenfant worked upon with his blue pencils and his temperature charts is one expressly designed to illustrate the seeding and flowering of a "modern spirit," something intrinsically part of our new century. It goes back, however, to a few isolated figures of the Romantic movement, such as Aloysius Bertrand. Part of Ozenfant's thesis, of literature as of other arts, is that the supposed "modern spirit" is illusory, being merely a recurrence of certain modes of sensibility already known to man, and already the instruments of his experiments in beauty. (It is amusing, for instance, to find him extracting a passage from Leonardo da Vinci's note books as illustrative of the mental workings of "Surréalisme.") So, surveying the chosen work of sixty poets of the past hundred years, he isolates a series of words and ideas which he found

to be recurring in them all, irrespective of date or circumstance. These, he declares, are words which occur so often that their insistence cannot be a matter of chance. To examine their share in building up modern poetry is to perform an experiment analogous to those of Freud: it is a process showing "that we do only what is inevitable—the gestures of our hidden, unconscious depths," revealing the tendencies of individuals and disclosing the poetic colour of the time.

The height of the Romantic movement, explored by such methods, would have produced an interesting census of swans, nymphs, corsairs, grottoes, tombs and suchlike properties. A Scandinavian scholar produced an extraordinary volume a few years ago containing an immense classified inventory of all the "Gothic" back-cloths, trap-doors, haunted chambers, scowling spectres and so forth, of the "novel of terror." Here, Ozenfant discloses to us that the dominant colour in the mind of the "modern" French poet is *rose* or *pink*. Further, the poet moves for the most part in a world of *night* (110 points), to which may be added the 92 points scored by *black*. Add to this the fact that *frost*, *snow* and *ice* register 61, and rain 31, and one is not surprised to find the tabulist wondering, rather vaguely, perhaps, whether English poetry may not be showing an influence here. Rain and cold, indeed, surpass the total score of blue and azure skies by 8 clear points. The dominance of darkness, it appears, sets in most definitely among writers born after 1885. In Baudelaire it does not rain, nor does the moon shine, but sunlight is fairly generous, although the nights and blacknesses far outweigh that. Maeterlinck, as might be imagined, shows a good deal of snow, rain and moonlight, some darkness, but only one colour—gold. The rainiest poet, far and away, is Francis Carco, the chronicler of *filles*, *maquereaux*, and 'Jésus la Caille.' The modes of transport referred to by the poets naturally show the widest changes; yet, as Ozenfant admits, these are only surface changes. Baudelaire seeks flight in sailing ships, while Paul Morand may be observed in railway stations, tramways, a motor car chassis, an elevated railroad, the "Métro," the lavatory of the Orient Express and steamers. . . .

A freak? Yes, it is hardly more. But it might be interesting to adapt the analysis to, say, Mr. Harold Monro's recent anthology of contemporary English poetry. In any case, however, it is only fair to say that Ozenfant himself builds no theories upon his tabulations; he only compiled them as an afterthought and, as he shows, they do tend to bear out certain aspects of his general theory. And certainly he is an adept in the quite useful critical art of keeping the tongue in the cheek.

## THE WHISPERING SANDS

BY MAY I. E. DOLPHIN

**B**EYOND the waves that ebb and flow  
Off a desolate shore,  
There are whispering sands that come and go  
Through a cavernous door.

They whisper cruel things and grim  
In a seaman's ear,  
Woe to a man if they whisper to him  
And he lingers to hear.

Once in the power of those whispering winds  
He will sorrow in vain  
For the lost way back to those vanished lands  
He will never regain.



## NEW NOVELS

*Give Up Your Lovers.* By Louis Golding. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Singermann.* By Myron Brinig. Cobden Sander-son. 8s. 6d.

*The Forgotten Image.* By Eleanor Scott. Benn. 7s. 6d.

IN 'Give Up Your Lovers' Mr. Louis Golding returns to the setting of 'Forward From Babylon,' his first novel. We are back again in the northern city which Mr. Golding chooses to call Doomington. Philip Massel, who has now left school and found employment in a library, is rescued from drowning by John Manning. In this way he is introduced to the Manning Family, where he rapidly becomes a favourite with Mrs. Manning. Ruth, her daughter, is at first repelled by the intruder from the ghetto. But, as the experienced reader will be quick to suspect, this was a misleading symptom and really meant that sooner or later Ruth would dismiss Rufus Coulter ("late of Wellington and Corpus Christi"), of Coulter's Bank, to whom she was engaged and plight her troth, as Mr. Golding would probably put it, with Philip. Of course, things do not get settled as smoothly as that. There are conflicts in the ghetto and elsewhere. But, as the experienced reader will again be quick to suspect, they are satisfactorily disposed of after twenty thousand words or so have been traversed, and this is how the story ends:

"Your eyes, Philip, let me soothe your eyes!"

"Your mouth, Ruth!"

"Ah, my love, my love! But your mouth is so cold, Philip! And your cheeks are so cold!"

"It was so cold, Ruth, flying over the dark waters."

Now Mr. Golding is a writer of varied gifts. He has a sense of character, a feeling for atmosphere, an ear for words. This is quite a substantial equipment for a novelist and, indeed, many novelists, some of them in what is known as the front rank, have to manage with a good deal less. Yet, time after time, when Mr. Golding ought to be causing his reader joy, he merely makes him wince. Why is this? Well, for one thing, although Mr. Golding has an ear for words, he also has a fondness for fine writing, the result of which is that too often he produces an arabesque of mannerisms where a plain narrative is needed. There are passages also in which, so it seems, he aims at being buoyant, but manages to be only flamboyant. These lapses into heroics and false emphasis are particularly striking in the ghetto scenes and descriptions. For, oddly enough, Mr. Golding is at his best in reproducing situations of which, it may be presumed, he has no first-hand knowledge. Thus, on pages 113-117, the conversation between Father Arundale and Ruth has a simplicity and directness contrasting strangely with the self-conscious emotionalism to which Mr. Golding too often succumbs. As for the problem of mixed marriages, which is the underlying theme of the book, the issue is obscured by a fog of special pleading on both sides, and the categorical imperative of the title is little more than a meaningless shout.

'Singermann' is also a Jewish novel, but apart from a few surface resemblances it has little in common with 'Give Up Your Lovers.' There is, of course, the difference of setting. Yet Mr. Golding's Russian Jews in Doomington and Mr. Brinig's Rumanian Jews in Montana are probably closer to each other than they are to their Gentile neighbours, although Mr. Brinig himself surprisingly says, "I do not believe that Jews are any different from Scandinavians or Irishmen." Mr. Golding, on the other hand, seems to suggest that Jewish blood contains something fundamentally alien, if not morbid, which engenders

hopeless racial conflicts. But the real difference between the two books is one of compass and calibre. His method of approach enables him to derive a fresh flavour from what is often the most hackneyed subject-matter. The deception of man by woman (and vice versa), rebellious youth, the unmarried mother and her baby who dies, the sexual bewilderments of adolescence—such matters as these, which in less expert hands might so easily have been reduced to the level of a tenth-rate film, are here presented with so proper a feeling for artistic values that the reader can accept them unreservedly. It is rare to come across anything so overwhelmingly vivid as the account of David Singermann's first visit to his future wife, or, in a slightly different manner, the interview between Harry Singermann and his teacher, the sinister Mr. Jordan. Lyrical exuberance in the one case and a suggestive finesse in the other, have here transmuted the raw material of photographic realism into something more subtle and more effective. And as with the incidents, so, too, with the characters. Mr. Brinig makes the reader acutely aware of their presence. Moses Singermann, in particular, the crude, earthy, primitive and vigorous head of the family, is a full-length portrait which dominates the entire book. The fabric of the narrative, when scrutinized in detail, shows a little unevenness. There are traces of Sinclair Lewis:

"That's right," said Mr. Robinson. "Fine. Ya got the hang already. Some clerks don't get the hang right away. But you got the hang. Now lemme gi' ya some advice. I bin in the shoe business for a goo' many years. I know jus' what this store yegspects of its people. We got a motto: 'The customer is always right.' No matter what happens, 'The customer is always right.'"

"The customer is always right," said Louis.

"Tha's right. The customer is always right."

"That's fine," said Louis.

"Now you jus' hang up your coat an' hat in the employees' room over there."

"Over on this side?"

"No, to your left."

"Oh, over there," said Louis.

"An' remember, the customer is always right."

"The customer is always right," said Louis.

"Right," said Mr. Robinson.

(This extract, by the way, indicates that if Mr. Brinig owes something to Sinclair Lewis, it follows that he is indebted also to Wells and Dickens.) Elsewhere may be found little patches of what looks suspiciously like Joyce. But some of the best bravura passages (notably the meditations of Louis in the music-hall) are altogether Mr. Brinig's own.

'The Forgotten Image' by Miss Eleanor Scott is, like her first novel, 'War Among Ladies,' a variation on the theme of Gissing's 'Odd Women.' The scene of action is a Settlement in the East End, the life of which, if it can be called life, Miss Scott describes with a cruel exactitude. This is one of those books which are apt to provoke indignant protests and denials. In this particular instance, ladies who work or have worked in Settlements will probably repudiate Miss Scott's unlovely record of symptomatic peevishness and hysteria. Miss Scott herself, in a rather snappish preliminary note, says: "All the characters and places in this book are imaginary . . . and anyone who thinks that her own portrait is here stands self-convicted of the two dullest vices—stupidity and conceit." If these dismal women never existed, why was it necessary to invent them? Such will be the objection which some readers are likely to raise, and as Miss Scott could hardly dispose of it without referring to her qualities as a novelist, she would probably not attempt the task. Chief among these qualities is the restraint which is content with implications where many of her contemporaries would have got themselves banned by the libraries. And then it was a triumph of irony to place the organization of charity in such hands as these. It suggests the need for the organization of charity among charity workers.

## REVIEWS

## RABELAIS

*François Rabelais: A Spiritual Biography.* By S. Putnam. Cape. 12s. 6d.

THE art of biography, or, at least, the word biography itself, must have forbidding associations, so frequently do we find it qualified by some adjective or phrase purporting to enrich its meaning. There is, indeed, a distinction between a narrative of events and a record of inner development, though even this distinction commonly connotes the two broad types of men, the contemplative and the active, themselves categories of convenience which tend to overlap in proportion to the vitality of human beings. There is no special meaning lurking behind Mr. Putnam's qualification. He has devoted a long book to the author whom he most admires, and its length is justified by the years he has devoted to his favourite study. The world evoked by the very name of Rabelais is very different from the world evoked by the word America, and Mr. Putnam appears to be one of those Americans who have discovered Europe with something of the thirst with which the earliest humanists discovered Greece, for there is no doubt that the sense of the past appeals to an instinct more profound than expectation of the future. To those who have made his acquaintance, the father of French literature, as Rabelais has been called, provides a richer draught than the latest theory of the newest coterie.

The lives of great writers, even in the modern period, are not often rich in biographical material, and Rabelais is no exception to the rule. Even Mr. Putnam's devotion has not really been able to add to our substantial knowledge, but the man and the writer have so filled his thoughts and occupied his mind that he discusses that which we do know with unflagging interest. It is this personal absorption which gives the quality to his work, for his book opens with a long introductory chapter, intended to sketch the background, a chapter rambling and unsatisfactory, and, even as a piece of writing, not to be compared with the proper biography that follows. When, at last, we have reached the date of birth, which, in the choice given by controversy, is here given as 1494, the story grips its author and, content throughout with simple explanations, he believes that Rabelais became a friar through his early love of learning, as he later became a writer of popular books in the hope of achieving a fortune. These books are examined for the biographical hints that they may contain, and the writer who was great through his combination of exuberant humour with fidelity to human fact is presented as one who always described at first hand, however much he would embellish a hint from experience when the time came to use it. We follow Rabelais from the Franciscans to the Benedictines, from Chinon to Lyons, from theology to medicine, from medical translations to original work, but that so learned a man could have become the creator of French prose is the wonder. Indeed, he used his vast learning as part of the apparatus of his humour, and this is the part that now shows signs of wear.

One of the odd effects of humour is to attract men who have it not, and whose pleasure consists not in the humour itself but in the search for some seriousness, if possible a systematic seriousness, in its very horse-play. Mr. Putnam is free from this defect, and does not bore us with new definitions of Pantagruelism. He refuses to find elaborate satire in every corner of the master's work, and only discusses such questions as the alleged atheism of Rabelais in order to reject the label, for, as a matter of fact, blasphemies were more pronounced in the ages of faith than they have ever been in ages of scepticism. It is too much, however, to attempt to

relate Rabelais to Protestantism. He was well aware of the abuses at which he laughed, but few of the reformers even had any notion how their activities would end, and at that time the idea of a split in Christendom was inconceivable. The inclination to claim Rabelais for the Protestants is not unduly stressed, and it is the sole slight bias that I have detected. Here is a sample of the author's criticism in which the biographer's eye for circumstance is never obscured:

This, certainly, is our friend the doctor speaking—the doctor whose gospel for his patients is: Be jolly . . . Pantagruelism has now become a social code, if not a moral doctrine. . . . I do not believe that he ever took the word too seriously or too lightly. While this "cheerful stoicism" may sum up his everyday working philosophy of life, it is not to be taken as embodying the whole of his philosophy, and certainly not his religion.

Again:

Women simply did not figure in his scheme of things. His characteristic scrapes, as we have by this time seen, have had to do with his being absent from his diocese without leave, with his having spoken his mind a bit too freely in his 'Gargantua' on the subject of reform in the Church. There have been so far, no amours, no Casanovan adventures of any sort. . . . He simply did not overstress his women, in private life, any more than he did his wine or food; he saved all three for his books, where they might become a triple and big-bellied theme for a sonata of laughter; and that very big-belliedness should make anyone who inclines to the doctrines of Herr Freud just a trifle suspicious. . . . While we do not know of any women in the Maitre's life, we do know of one bastard son.

The virtue of Rabelais is to be the despair of criticism, for all criticism must seem cold and pettifogging compared with the abounding health and vitality of his work. It is intended to be enjoyed, not pulled to pieces, and the qualities of his intellect and of his imagination are at the service of that enjoyment. As an artist he was a master of words, the very number of which is a tribute to his invention and his fertility. He rejoiced in the enormous wealth of common speech, and, as someone has said, made it possible to think as well as laugh without the aid of Latin. The immediate, the natural, the palpable, was enough for him and to them he always reacted. If his emphasis was on the here and now, and not in the heavens, this was not because he was content with eating and drinking, but because the delights of a natural existence had been scouted. Indeed, we find in him a definition of God that is almost identical with Pascal's. His enormous zest explains his grossness, for health makes matter glorious and redeems the physical basis of life. Vice is always cold and calculated. Love is distinguished from its opposite because it is not consummated in cold blood. With the discovery of a new continent across the Atlantic and of a new universe in the starry heavens, the very physical horizons of mankind were enlarging beyond belief. Rabelais proclaims this enlargement as if man's limbs had also grown. His characters are giants, as if to symbolize his abounding energy.

No doubt humour of this simplicity and dimensions is of its nature a primitive thing, though its author was a great scholar and widely travelled. In this great book, too, the imagination, which always goes one better than reality, is responsible for much, and one of the interests of the life, so far as we know it, is the good sense and the order that, despite his wanderings, it displays. Mr. Putnam has no theory to indulge. He is content to make the most of what is known, and we rise from his book with a fresh interest in the man and an appreciation of the background that is the indispensable preliminary to the enjoyment of this author. Rabelais has often been called an enigma, but it is the enigma of simplicity. The simple-mindedness of Mr. Putnam's own approach is a quality to be welcomed.

OSBERT BURDETT



## CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE

BY MADELEINE KENT

THE boom in German fiction seems likely to outlast the more ephemeral boom in war novels. For although the flood-tide of German records of the war, which overtook and reinforced our own, at length shows signs of ebbing, the proportion of translations from the German in publishers' spring lists is higher than ever. Indeed, translation is becoming so indiscriminate that the mere "best seller" sometimes masquerades in this country as a literary masterpiece, as happened with that very second-rate novel, 'Jew Süß.' Another curious anomaly is that while 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa' has brought Arnold Zweig into great prominence in England, the far more distinguished novelist and critic, Stefan Zweig, is still almost unknown here. The time seems ripe, therefore, for taking stock of the true condition of German fiction to-day.

The Germans are experiencing a spiritual renaissance and this is expressing itself both in literature and in new ideals of life. Speaking in 1927, Stresemann described the period preceding the war as one of crass materialism. "We had lost our ideals," he said. "The decline in literature, the frivolity of the drama, the substitution of music-hall ditties for the old folk-songs, these were phenomena contemporary with a prodigious economic and technical development which made men richer in worldly wealth but poorer in happiness than ever they had been before." All that is now changed. Whereas the standard of living of the middle and professional classes is probably lower than in any other European country, the intellectual level puts us to the blush.

An almost primitive love of life has emerged out of the menace to life launched by the war. This is expressing itself in every form of physical culture and hygiene, in simpler habits, and in the instinct to live in the closest possible touch with Nature, which is the basis of the Youth Movement. Again, an intensely realistic outlook has sprung out of the necessity of grappling ceaselessly with the problems of bare existence. Hence the demand for fiction in touch with reality. During the neurotic inflation period there was a wave of decadent, sensational literature, but to-day the novelist who attempts to escape from life, either into the transcendental world of abstract theory or into the world of artificial sentimentality, makes no appeal. Evidence of this is the striking failure of 'Der Buch der Leidenschaft,' Hauptmann's autobiographical romance. The first edition of this work, published at Christmas, remains unsold. The once-popular novelist is out of touch with the temper of the times, and ignored. For what the Germans want to-day are novelists who can get out of the strident realities of modern life what Goethe got out of the long-neglected folk-songs—their inner beauty and significance. They want what are called "reality-reports," books that bring them face to face with naked fact. For this new art the word *Sachlichkeit* (Thingliness) has been coined. In spite of some surface resemblances, Thingliness is not to be confused with the materialistic realism of Sudermann and Heinrich Mann in his earlier phase, since it seeks not to expose the sordid side of reality, but to extract from reality its informing, spiritual essence, just as Van Gogh did when he set upon canvas that wooden chair that expresses the essential character of Chairliness.

To this new narrative art nothing is sordid, nothing is common or unclean, for it has recaptured the primitive joy of life from which the folk-songs sprang. It has reverted in spirit to a period far earlier than that of Goethe, a period when men put the wonder of living before intellectual pursuits. Here one inevitably thinks of Wordsworth, and, indeed, the bald, objective

style of the most advanced Teutonic fiction appears as crude compared with classic models as did the 'Lyrical Ballads' on their first appearance. Actually, never has so much attention been paid to the technique of writing and to verbal experiments, but the absence of light and shade, the rarity of the author's comments, and the comparative unimportance of men in a world of things confuse those accustomed to the older formulæ of narrative art. As a writer in a recent number of *Die Literatur* puts it, there is no foreground in the modern German novel. Instead, we are given an arabesque, an interweaving of humanity with its surroundings, of foreground with background, of subconscious dreams with external events. "In the morning," writes Anna Seghers in 'The Revolt of the Fishermen,' "only a few strands of rain were stretched between the sea and the country sky. Sea and sky were completely in tatters, there was a smell of salt, and the wind was scattering pieces of yellow sunlight over the market-place." Into this loud cosmic drama the human one falls quietly into place without being allowed to disturb the symmetry of the whole. The work of other young writers, such as Heinrich Hauser and Ernst Glaeser, shows a similar tendency to present man as but part of a homogeneous pattern. Subjectivity is now regarded as sentimental.

It cannot, indeed, be too much emphasized that the new realism stresses the universal, the "true truth," rather than the personal or individual truth. The older realists, Wassermann among them, are criticized for introducing real people and actual events into their "reality-reports" and thus confining their scope to the merely personal. The well-known critic, Paul Fechter, has only condemnation for novels in which "the fate and problems of the individual appear more significant than the folk-truth, the universal truth." That is a characteristic utterance of the advanced party, which, under the auspices of the Socialist newspaper *Das Andere Deutschland*, preaches the spirit of collectivism as opposed to the individualism upheld by the Hugenberg Press and the reactionaries. Perhaps the finest expression of the broad humanity of the new Germany is to be found in the work of Franz Werfel, whose new novel, 'Barbara oder die Frömmigkeit,' ought certainly to be translated; in Germany it is regarded as a modern version of Goethe's 'Elective Affinities.' Another book which is arousing great attention is Alfred Döblin's 'Berlin: Alexander-Platz,' a unique blend of scientific realism (its author is a physician) and pity for the under-dog.

A further aspect of the new humanism is the prominence of books about youth. Possibly because it is recognized that the present generation has started life with a particularly heavy handicap, novels dealing with the problems of adolescence are more numerous than ever in a country that has always regarded its young with a peculiar tenderness. Frank Thiess's fine trilogy is already well known here. Two other works which equally well deserve translation are W. E. Suskind's 'Jugend' and Hermann Hesse's 'Demian'—this latter typically German in its feeling for the magic of youth.

No survey of modern German fiction can omit mention of certain novelists who, while not disregarding Thingliness, are reaching out to more exciting themes than those provided by commonplace life. In 'White Gods,' Edward Stucken glorifies the lusts of primitive man as he is found in Mexico, with an ardour that recalls D. H. Lawrence. Hans Sterneder is another new writer who might be called the apostle of wonder, so keen is his instinct for the miracles of life and creation. Nevertheless, the work of these men is but an extension, in a less subtle and perhaps less profoundly artistic form, of the extraordinary zest for life which is fast making German fiction the most robust and deeply optimistic of any that is being produced in our epoch.

## BEATING THE WIND

*Caliban in Grub Street.* By Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

THIS book should be rather called 'Socrates in Paternoster Row' and Ronald Knox should be reviewed by one of the "symposiaists" whose Press effusions he disentangles so ingenuously before proceeding to disinter and sometimes to dissect their philosophy. A glimpse at the index promises sport; Mrs. Besant on Hell: Mr. Bennett on Providence: Conan Doyle on Animal Immortality: Rebecca West on the Virgin Birth: Israel Zangwill on Atheism, etc.; they are all skittles to F. Knox. Lent is sometimes devoted to a piety in reading amounting to mush. F. Knox has discovered a great deal of mush in the popular writers on or against Religion in the Press, but his book will supply the orthodox of all churches with a sensitive pair of scissors and some satirical paste. As he sticks to methods of logic and banter, his victims will have plenty of exercise in struggling free from nets sometimes made of gossamer but surprisingly often of tenacious gut. F. Knox does not believe people to-day are more religious but that they are fonder of talking about it, as, indeed, F. Knox appears to be himself.

A thin streak of quiet humour makes him readable even when cutting up the deadeast of last year's hay. It is understood, he tells us, "that absence from religious worship betokens a higher kind of spiritual temperament." Both orthodox and unorthodox will laugh together through the book, but F. Knox saves his cloth by always leaving the last laugh with the angels. He would place primitive man among the monkeys, though he occasionally met "a rather artistic hyena or a moderately virtuous hippopotamus."

F. Knox is a master of the medieval syllogism adapted to modern whims. Mr. Bennett declares his disbelief in the Immaculate Conception and is neatly impaled thus: "Does Mr. Bennett believe in original sin? I imagine not; and if he does not believe in original sin, then he believes in the Immaculate Conception, not merely in the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady but in the immaculate conception of everybody else." Mr. John Drinkwater is caught out for including Jehovah among the "tangible images" by which man has tried to visualize God. Now it appears that the word "Jehovah" arose in "that God is not capable of being represented by any image." It appears, finally, that "Mr. Bennett is only, after all, a Kantian and Mr. Drinkwater is only reviving the philosophical errors of Descartes." Now they and their readers know.

Sometimes his epigrams cause a little intellectual pull. In the matter of religious persecution he asks: "Why is Lady Jane Grey's head still a King Charles head?"

It is true that our capital letters are "the modern Englishman's refuge from thought." The materialist who says that man does not matter is dubbed "an immaterialist for his pains." Again, "Our fathers asked themselves whether the Creed was true, their sons are asking whether the Ten Commandments matter." Almost startling but true is the *mot* that "self-restraint is needed for happy marriage or even for happy concubinage."

He tackles Miss Rebecca West on what he calls "the by-pass to Damascus." He does not believe in "emotional gasps" as a means of attaining certainty. He deprecates the spiritualists and makes a strong point that in the bewildered state of mourning left in the world by the war, they have failed to sweep the nations with their revelation. But when he is inclined to pillory Vale Owen's "spiritual

tennis," can he hold his logical ground? To us it is far more likely that for some time after death the spirit carries on rudimentary memories of what the body did on earth. What else could a dead tennis champion dream of? It is a popular idea that the happy dead play harps. But racquets are not more out of place than harps and their materials of wood and gut are identical on earth whatever their celestial composition may be. F. Knox himself is playing a gentle controversial tennis. He must not mind if sometimes the ball is tossed back over the net. He criticizes the symposiaists for "their habit of quoting scriptural phrases and giving them a totally unscriptural meaning." But is not this a pious medieval practice, and could Leo XIII be defended except on very uncritical grounds when he applied the Old Testament text "*Ite ad Joseph*" to the modern cult of the divine foster-father? F. Knox takes up Sir Francis Younghusband for his inexact phrase that the soul is to God as "England is with an Englishman." England in that sense, he shows, is an abstraction, whereas "England is simply a large slab of earth and rock dotted over with vegetable life and petrol stations." F. Knox is for clear thinking, but is there not a perfect parallel between Sir Francis's England and F. Knox's Rome, which is equally a religious abstraction and "a large slab of earth and rock dotted over with palm-trees and cupolas"? F. Knox glides round reefs, but he faces the fact that "impetrative prayer is one of the most difficult to understand, one of the most difficult to defend." All the abler is F. Knox's defence. No passage is more interesting than his criticism of Dr. R. J. Campbell's view on prayer, which he queries thus: "Are we to believe that the Almighty plays a game of cat-and-mouse with us: waits until we make a request which will, he sees, be fatal to us and then triumphantly grants it to our undoing?" Perhaps neither preacher distinguishes between the powers of prayer and desire; the saintly instinct for putting oneself in touch with what is predestined for our best, and the rare but terrible gift which certain magnetic people have of acquiring what they really desire in life, whether it is a jewel or a horse-victory, a career or a fortune, all of which may turn out for the eventual worst. When F. Knox says "Was Christ guessing or did he know?" may we suggest that though he guessed as Man He came to know as God? F. Knox thinks the reality of Hell one of the chief reasons which prevent men becoming Catholics. Not if they accept Cardinal Manning's dictum that Hell is a place of eternal torment eternally untenanted.

F. Knox's taste is perfect even when touching what he delicately calls "the Difficult Commandment," but he feels that England has already given up the Decalogue for a Pentologue. He is an utter contrast to the late Mgr. Benson, as he never uses the Pope as a ramrod or a red rag. He is a little angry because a man may exclude his heirs for becoming Catholics, but surely a Catholic can exclude his for becoming Methodists? Our chief criticism is that F. Knox has not selected doughty opponents or matter for his steel. He has selected certain paper windmills, which were turned for a day in popular currents, for attack in the guise of a giant-killer. He should have selected Mr. Russell's book on Marriage, or the question of Papal Nullifications, or Mr. Coulton on Medievalism to show his real mettle. Is there no modern Canon Kingsley, who will call F. Knox by a strong name and produce something of the steely calibre of Newman's 'Apologia,' though, whereas the Cardinal wrote between sobs, the University Chaplain would set forth a no less fascinating reply with a wealth of chuckles?

SHANE LESLIE



## JOHN CHURCHILL AND SARAH JENNINGS

*Marlborough.* By Donald Barr Chidsey. Murray. 15s.

*Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.* Edited by William King. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

AMONG his own countrymen the first Duke of Marlborough has never enjoyed the admiration to which his merits and his achievements entitle him. Even to-day a stigma overshadows his name, and the popular verdict is summed up in the words of a modern encyclopædia which describes him as "one of England's greatest generals and also one of her meanest men." Continental military opinion has always given him the credit of being incomparably England's greatest general (Eugene put him even higher than Alexander the Great), and foreign historians regard him as one of the greatest diplomatists that this country has ever produced. His own countrymen have never done full justice either to his military or to his diplomatic genius. As a soldier he ranks lower in the popular estimation than Wellington—a mere pigmy beside him—and in the Great War his name was hardly ever mentioned among those which were evoked as an inspiration from the past. Forgetful of the times in which he lived, the average Englishman prefers to draw a veil over the diplomatic episodes in Marlborough's life.

There is a reason for the English attitude towards Marlborough. It is not merely smugness or hypocrisy. It is a tradition inspired by the historians, and it has been left to Mr. Chidsey, an American biographer, to dispel the Macaulay legend. "Macaulay, more than any other individual," says Mr. Chidsey, "made seventeenth and early eighteenth century English history—and made it after his own image." It is from Macaulay that the average Englishman acquires whatever opinions he has about Marlborough.

Mr. Chidsey is an invigorating young man. He has many of the irritating faults of style that characterize modern American biography. On occasions, too, he is inclined to sacrifice historical accuracy for an epigram. But, like Halkett's Henry VIII, his Marlborough is real flesh and blood, and he makes his hero live, as the historians have never succeeded in doing.

Certainly, there could be no more picturesque subject for the biographer than the debonair adventurer, who owed his start in life to the fact that his sister became the mistress of James II and that he himself became the successful lover of the mistress of Charles II, "Admirable lover, faultless husband, expert swordsman, graceful equestrian, crack tennis player, excellent dancer," Jack Churchill possessed qualities sufficient to rouse envy in even the most exalted breast. He had his faults, but they were the faults of his contemporaries. In politics he played his own hand. His self-seeking explains his deviations. Like his famous descendant he changed his parties (or, in his case, his Kings), but not his politics. His politics were the advancement of Jack Churchill. Not the least interesting feature of Mr. Chidsey's book is the theory that Churchill only deserted James II after the council of war, in which Churchill alone of all the generals advised an advance and a battle. James could not make up his mind. Had James accepted the advice, Churchill could have held the potential deserters, defeated William, and covered himself with glory. Again, the treacherous correspondence with James after William's accession had only one motive: to make England safe for Jack Churchill. Not very attractive, perhaps, but it was in the spirit of the times, and he would be a bold man who would say that the same spirit is entirely absent from politics to-day. History has been unduly hard on the Great Duke. There are many Englishmen who have acquired greater reputations with less cause.

How far Jack Churchill owed his success to his wife is difficult to determine. Mr. Chidsey has no doubt who was the senior partner in this singularly happy alliance. Nevertheless, the Duke owed much to his wife in the early part of his career. Certainly a woman who treated Royalty with contempt, who fought with one Queen and dominated another, who removed her husband's body from Westminster Abbey because it was not worthy of him, and who left her vast estate to her grandson on condition that he never accepted "any employment, military or civil, or any pension from any King or Queen of this realm," was no ordinary woman. She deserves credit, too, for her courage, if only for the manner in which she attacked Dean Swift. Her own Memoirs, which have just been republished in attractive form, are, however, the tombstone of her claim to real greatness. They reveal her weaknesses in all their nakedness, and when we remember that Marlborough never once raised his voice, never once lost his temper, we can only marvel.

Mr. Chidsey's 'Marlborough' is a powerful argument in favour of the theory that all biographies and all national history should be written by foreigners. Until Mr. Winston Churchill's great work on his illustrious ancestor is completed, it is likely to hold its own among biographies of the Great Duke.

## THE PROPHET OF ISLAM

*The Life of Mahomet.* By Emile Dermenghem. Routledge. 15s.

IT was in the year 571 of the Christian era that the Prophet of Mecca was born, whose message even now has the ready acceptance of more than one-fifth of the human race. In attempting to write the life of such a personality the author has undertaken by no means an easy task; for beyond dispute no Muslim writer would see any of the darker facets of the life and work of the Prophet, while Western readers will peruse this account from a purely European point of view.

M. Dermenghem opens the narrative with a magnificent setting of the historical stage, when he describes the spiritual thrills of a slave upon hearing the advent of Mahomet. Later the entry of the Prophet into Medina as a distinguished refugee leaves little to the imagination: "Mahomet dismounted and came forward," runs the account, "walking quickly with firm and vigorous steps, his body bent slightly forward as if climbing a mountain. His escort scattered the crowd to make room for him, but, nevertheless, he bowed amiably to everyone, including even the little children." And thus a great religion was born.

From chapter to chapter the reader is taken through an easy flowing narrative; in places, it is very colourfully described; yet the reality does not suffer thereby, except in some chapters relating to the battles of Badr and Ohad and their causes, where they could have been authenticated with the elimination of "pretty writing," as also if references could have been made to the works of better-known Western scholars of Islam like Snouck Hurgonji, Dozy and Arnold. The researches of these authorities would have corrected the author in presuming that the battles of Islam were undertaken for loot, and not for self-defence.

In similar manner the author endeavours to prove in vain that Islam holds to the dogmas of Incarnation, the Redemption and the Immaculate Conception; but in his admirable chapter of 'Christianity and Islam' he is perfectly correct in stating that in the first—and, therefore, the best Islamic period of history—Mahomet always rejoiced in bringing about a friendly understanding between the Muslims and the "Peoples of the Book," namely, the Christians and the Jews. It might be remembered that the

Muslims prayed towards Jerusalem before they did so towards Mecca, and thus numerous rabbis, including Abdullah Bin Salam, were won over. By means of a solemn charter, the Jews, the Muslims and the Christians were allied and pledged to mutual aid.

The fact is that this book has no claim to real scholarship—a circumstance which in this particular instance lends usefulness to it on account of its being more readily followed by the average reader—but its author has achieved a notable success in handling a very difficult subject extraordinarily well.

IKBAL ALI SHAH

## AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE EAST

*The Letters of Gertrude Bell.* Dent. 8s. 6d.

IN September, 1927, Messrs. Ernest Benn published in two substantial volumes the letters of Gertrude Bell, selected and edited by Miss Bell's mother, Lady Bell. Since then ten impressions have come out and now the same publishers have issued the complete work in a single volume which is smaller than either of its predecessors. This is a remarkable tribute to the work, but only what it deserved. In its new form the book should have an even larger sale. Gertrude Bell was one of the most wonderful women of her generation; one who took the fullest advantage of the great blessings which surrounded her in the beginning of her life—economic ease, a happy home and aristocratic connexions (in the best sense of the word) and great natural abilities. She could easily have led the selfish, pleasure-loving life of so many women who came from similar backgrounds. But her whole life was devoted to the service of humanity. Her work in the Near East was of infinite benefit to the Arabs among whom she lived so long, but also to England in its vast work for civilization. During the war every soldier in Mesopotamia (and the present writer was one of them) who tried to take an intelligent view of the campaign knew of Gertrude Bell's work, and after the war she laboured harder than ever in the great task of establishing Arab Home Rule on the Tigris. The letters that she wrote home during all these years must have been a source of infinite joy to her parents. Their humour and their graphic accounts of current events make delightful reading to the general public, who owe a great debt to Lady Bell for her courage and skill in preparing the letters for publication. To that debt must now be added thanks to Messrs. Benn for making these letters available to readers of moderate means.

## A GREAT ADMIRAL

*The Journal of Maarten Harpertzoon Tromp.* Anno 1639. Translated and edited by C. R. Boxer. Cambridge University Press. 21s.

OF all the varied peoples and nationalities with whom we have fought, or to whom we have allied ourselves, the Dutch seamen are the ones who have inspired us with the greatest feeling of friendliness when we have emerged from the ordeal by battle: and no foe has ever inspired us with greater personal respect than Admiral Tromp. This Journal deals with his campaign of 1639 when he attacked the Armada which sailed up from la Coruña in support of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands. Tromp engaged it on September 16th-18th, with an inferior force off the mouth of the Somme, and inflicted such punishment that the Spaniards had to lie off the Downs under the protection of Sir John Pennington's squadron. Tromp quickly refitted and blockaded the Spaniards, and the States General sent such adequate reinforcements that he was able to destroy the Armada on

October 22nd, despite the guns of Walmer Castle and Pennington's covering attack.

For a month before this date the two fleets lay in the Downs with the English squadron in between: Charles I found their presence a help in levying ship money, but he placed Pennington in an awkward position by declining to give him adequate support. Pennington's Flag Captain, Peter White, acted as liaison officer between the two admirals, and his reports add to the interest of the volume, as they supplement Tromp's somewhat laconic entries.

The manuscript from which this translation was made is not considered to be Tromp's original Journal but a copy prepared for the instruction of Jacob van Wassenaer-Obdam, a warrior who, like Blake, was suddenly transferred from land to sea, and appears to have had a commendable desire to know something about his new sphere of operations. Mr. Boxer says that in translating he has tried to turn the Dutch into seventeenth-century English: such a proceeding might be justifiable in dealing with obsolete customs or things; where the ordinary narrative is concerned it is mis-spent ingenuity. The book is admirably arranged, printed, and indexed: it is illustrated by Admiralty charts as well as by reproductions of old prints of the battles; these are necessary, for, as Mr. Boxer points out, "the actual plate of the battle of October 21, 1639, is more interesting than valuable; it had already done duty many years earlier (with a few slight differences in the background, etc.), for a picture of Wolfert Harmenszoon's fight with the Portuguese off Bantam in December, 1601."

Tromp's narrative is brief, and reads like a log book. Yet we feel drawn to the man who can record, "Since the Spanish Admiral had complained several times that he could not sail for want of spars, which lay at Dover and could not be brought aboard him owing to our watch, we therefore had sent Captain Dorrevelt to Dover yesterday, who now at 10 o'clock, came here with a small bark carrying the masts in tow, which we sent to the Admiral of Spain, who presented Dorrevelt with a demijohn of sack." And when even this service would not tempt the Spaniards to come out he considered the report of some English officers; "they asked us on behalf of Don Antonio whether we would oblige him with 5,000 lbs. of gunpowder and let pass 1,000 of his sick men to Flanders, in which case he would sail out of the road to-morrow morning to fight with us. We agreed with the Council of War that we would do this, in order to get the enemy to come out of the road, provided that he paid therefor one hundred and ten pounds sterling, as he had been charged this amount in London; with regard to his sick, we could only say to him that a free country lay by him."

In addition to the reports of Master Peter White, Tromp's narrative is corroborated by an appendix which prints the account of Don Francisco Manuel, who was present at the action of September 16, but whose ship escaped back to Dunkirk from the Downs before the fight in October.

## A NEW COLUMBUS

*Christopher Columbus: Don Quixote of the Seas.* By Jacob Wassermann. Secker. 10s. 6d.

ONCE, when referring to a particularly gratuitous act of folly committed by Columbus, Herr Wassermann declares that "it is in such traits as this that we have to look for the lurking mysteries of this complicated nature which at times produces the effect of a character by Dostoevski." Curiously enough this is precisely the effect which Herr Wassermann's macabre study of the man has upon us. A character by Dostoevski, born out of due season, who blundered on a new world by accident and performed prodigies



of valour in the spirit of a craven. A megalomaniac with nothing at the back of his mania but a fixed idea that India could be reached in a few days or a few weeks by sailing West. A middle-aged seaman of no particular standing with a power of oratory and a fierceness of conviction that could move princes and prelates. A foreign supplicant, with no visible means of support, who could stand out for staggering terms of dominion and nobility and not budge till they were granted him. A weakling in nearly all his dealings with his subordinates, yet prepared to sail into the unknown with a crew of thieves and cut-throats from the gaols of Spain, and able to bend them to his will by the hypnotism of the apocalyptic vision of illimitable gold another day's sail over the horizon. A cheat who could never deal quite fairly with any man; yet with a native dignity so impressive that in the day of his greatest misfortune it overawed his enemies and humbled the King himself.

This is the portrait that Herr Wassermann presents for our consideration. Is it a true portrait? Well, its details are well documented, and the thrice told tale of the voyages and the rest of it is retold, and without noticeable variation. Yet a new light is thrown upon it all, and in this light the mariner *conquistador* seems strange and new, and a little grisly. Not here do we see him in the heroic line, but as something portentous and rather horrible creeping out of the unconscious of the medieval mind. Probably this "character by Dostoevski" was there all the time, hidden under the unctuous flattery of more courtly portrait painters; and, in any case, Herr Wassermann has conjured a Columbus whom it will not be easy to exorcise. But surely Herr Wassermann is wrong to claim the man as a Quixote, as a possible original of Cervantes' Knight-errant. The madness of the Don is there, and his humourless persistence in error even when brutally assaulted by facts. But of the nobility of Quixote, that loftiness of thought and aim which has converted a figure of fun into a symbol of honour, we see not a trace. Indeed, there is something in Herr Wassermann's Columbus that repels sympathy and mocks admiration. A fanatic we may pardon, but a fanatic who is also dishonest is difficult to stomach.

Herr Wassermann writes indignantly of the treatment of the natives by Columbus and his successors; and no doubt the story is horrible enough, and the more horrible because so much of its infamy was religious in origin. But even if the massacred garrison left behind by Columbus had been composed of honourable educated men, and not of the scourgings of the gaols, it might still have met the same fate. On the whole, considering the age in which he lived, Columbus does not come so very badly from the test of his contact with primitive people. Indeed, we never see him in a pleasanter personal light than when he is making friends with the "Indians." Towards the close of his story Herr Wassermann describes imaginatively the interview which it is known took place between the aged Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci, and this little sketch of what might have happened is a little gem in its kind.

### LIFE AND THE COMPLEXES

*The Science of Living.* By Alfred Adler. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

THE main psychological theory put forward in this arresting little book is that biological compensation, whereby the work of an injured organ may be assumed by another, is repeated in the case of the psyche. The psyche, according to Dr. Adler, is always attempting to make good some deficiency, and his "science of living" is to know what good is, and to train the psyche to make it in the right way. Dr. Adler holds that the root of psychic progress is the sense of inferiority. Everyone of us, he contends,

feels inferior in some direction or another and strives for superiority. What we have to do is to strive for the right superiority, the superiority that will make us more valuable members of the family, the social and industrial group, and so on. This sense of inferiority is a spur to action, and it only becomes a "complex" and pathological when the superiority striven for is meretricious and anti-social. An inferiority "complex" may develop into a superiority "complex" more pathological still. How the psyche will behave depends upon its "style of life" and this in turn depends upon training, especially in early childhood. If the style of life is good, then the sense of inferiority will lead to healthy progress, if bad, the sense of inferiority will become pathological and will need skilled treatment by way of psycho-analysis—not necessarily the sex-obsessed analysis of Freud and his disciples—so that the psychic activity may be put upon the right social track. This is, of course, but a very crude summary of Dr. Adler's argument, a good deal of which, as we read, has an air of platitude. But platitudinous as his argument may seem, the right social correlation of the individual at which his method aims is entirely desirable.

### SHORTER NOTICES

*Here Is Thy Victory.* By Iris Barry. Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

'DEATH AS A FRIEND.' The title of the old picture is recalled by the climax of Miss Barry's novel. It is a novel based on an original and a promising idea. The pity is that performance does not quite come up to promise.

You get a glimmering of the idea at the beginning of the story, when a registrar of births and deaths is "discovered" a little puzzled by the fact that he has not had a single death to record for a week or more. And presently it becomes evident that neither he nor any other registrar will have any work of that sort. Death has ceased to swing his scythe. Man has become, so far as anyone can see, immortal. At first that may seem, as it does to some of the people in the story, a matter for rejoicing. But economic

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reasons alone soon show it to be quite otherwise. Labour sees unemployment looming more disastrously than ever. If none of the old people are to die in due season, how will the youngsters get work? People who are waiting for dead men's shoes in one way or another become alarmed. Alarm begins to get dangerously near panic as day after day goes on and there is no death. Of course, one knows that the end of the story can only be that death resumes his sway, and there is danger of an anti-climax. But Miss Barry gets as much drama out of her ending as possible, which atones for any tedium and justifies the author's extraordinary and ambitious idea.

*The European Heritage.* By W. Kirkconnel. Dent. 6s.

THIS book, written primarily it would seem for a Canadian public, is a *catalogue raisonnée* of the literary achievements of the various European races beginning with the Slavs, Eastern, Western, and Southern, going on to the Balkan races; passing to the Finno-Ugrians; giving a special chapter to the Jews, medieval and modern; then dealing with the Romance tongues, the Celts, the Scandinavians, and the Teutonic races, Continental and Island. The whole comprises 173 pages, and the book is therefore a rapid conspectus of European literature and art, which will find its main use as an examination handbook.

*The Science of Spinning for Salmon and Trout.* By Alexander Wanless. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

IN the full knowledge that by many fly-fishers his very comprehensive instruction in the science of spinning for salmon and trout will be looked upon as almost criminal, Mr. Wanless, nevertheless, makes out a good case for the methods he advocates; for they will serve the angler on days and under conditions when fly-fishing would be useless. Particularly interesting is his recommendation of artificial gut lines with its warnings against the springiness of such lines when dry on the reel. The use of the word "science" in the title instead of "art," at first a little puzzling, is fully explained before the end of the book is reached. Here is the science of spinning; the art of applying this science must be acquired at the water side.

*Twelve Against the Gods.* By William Bolitho. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

"ADVENTURE is the vitaminizing element in histories both individual and social," says Mr. Bolitho in explaining a collection of characters—and careers—which includes Alexander the Great, Woodrow Wilson, Lola Montez, Casanova, Charles XII of Sweden and Isadora Duncan. He sees all these and others—including Mahomet—as true adventurers, and for that reason perhaps deserving less harsh judgment than history has meted out to some of them. And even if the "adventurer" is not such a questionable character as is generally connoted by that term, he is always likely to be misjudged and disliked, because, as Mr. Bolitho sees it, "Adventure is the irreconcilable enemy of law; the adventurer must be unsocial, if not in the deepest sense anti-social, because he is essentially a free individualist." There is a good deal more in this vein, rather flamboyantly expressed. But whether one agrees or disagrees with his estimates of some of those whom he ranges among the adventurers, he makes them living figures instead of mere exhibits in the waxworks show of the history book.

*Assorted Articles.* By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 6s.

THIS is not just a hurried collection of odd gleanings from D. H. Lawrence's writing desk, but a book for the publication of which he arranged

before he died. Most of the articles were written for newspapers and reviews, but the real essential Lawrence is there in all of them as plainly as he is in the novels and poems. In fact, a reading of the book would serve very well as an introduction to his work and his beliefs for anyone who knew little of them, just as it will serve to clarify and simplify some points in his philosophy for those who know his writing well already. His 'Autobiographical Sketch' tells us in nine pages more about himself than we are likely to learn from sheaves of obituary notices and biographies.

*Tennyson in France.* By Marjorie Bowden. Manchester University Press. 8s. 6d.

THIS is not a book for the general reader—there are many such books on Tennyson; but by dealing with one aspect of his life and work, an aspect which has never been adequately dealt with before, it performs the useful service of filling up the gaps in our knowledge. The position of Tennyson is not yet perfectly certain, and by presenting him from another impartial point of view this study will help us in deciding whether, as Chesterton put it, Tennyson was indeed standing on a cloud, or was so great a poet that he may stand even so.

The present work is such an account. Mrs. Bowden traces the whole course of Tennysonian criticism in France, from the imbecilities of the earlier translations—many of which, as she proves by extracts printed side by side with the originals, bear no resemblance to them either in form or spirit—to the fine interpretation of Léon Morel; and from the first scrappy reviews to the criticism of Scherer, Montégut, and Taine. The author, adding little of her own, gives us everything of importance without losing conciseness, and makes a lucid summing-up.

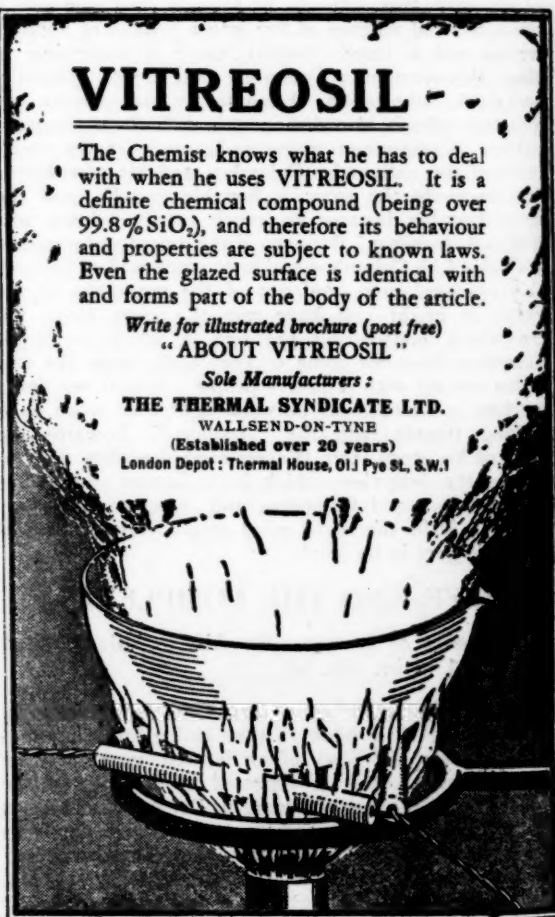
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*Myron T. Herrick.* By Colonel T. Bentley Mott. Heinemann. 21s.

GREAT events spring from trivial causes. Pascal said that the whole aspect of human history would have been changed if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter. Colonel Mott thinks that President Wilson might have been eliminated from the Peace Conference if the Wabash Terminal Company had kept its accounts more carefully. It seems that Mr. Herrick would have had a good chance of being elected President in 1916. But he was deterred from standing by the disappearance of vouchers for twelve million dollars, which the Democrats would have accused him of stealing while he was syndicate manager of the Wabash Company. The vouchers ultimately came to light, but too late for him to aim at any higher position than that of Ambassador to France. He held this post when the war broke out, and the chapters describing his arduous task are the most interesting in a somewhat dull book. Mr. Herrick stayed in Paris when nearly all the Diplomatic Corps accompanied the Government to Bordeaux. The Germans then looked like reaching Paris, and were expected to destroy it. Mr. Herrick hoped to save at least the art collections by going out to meet the Kaiser and threatening him with American displeasure if they were injured. He had courage enough for anything, but it is perhaps as well that the need did not arise.

*My Wives.* Anonymous. Harper. 7s. 6d.

THE American author of this deliciously entertaining book was wise to write it anonymously. Apart from the shrewd and frequently biting descriptions of the three women whom he loved in turn—and two of whom he was inveigled into marrying—there are frank revelations of weaknesses and a lack of control in his own character that few men would care publicly to acknowledge. Written in a manner which carries the reader on so fast that he has no time at a first reading to appreciate the subtleties of the style, it points no moral, nor does it make a plea for one. It is simply a tale of a man's relationship with two wives and a mistress and the effect each one leaves on his own character. The situations are absurdly human and amusing, so much so that, although it may not be entirely free from exaggeration, it is not fiction. After Penelope the first wife, ambitious, greedy, domineering, comes Marilyn, cold, aloof, calculating, just out of reach—but catty to an extreme which reveals itself on the bridal night. The third woman is Paulette, the Swiss mistress, uneducated, simple and trusting, who is put aside, after an interesting span of domesticity, in the tragic manner of mistresses. But the story, closing unfinished on the desertion of Paulette, reveals a fourth woman—an exotic film actress—in the offing. It closes too soon.

*The Best 500 Cockney War Stories.* Associated Newspapers. 2s. 6d.

HUMOUR is like salt: life is a tasteless thing without it, but it is best diluted. The richest humour is that which achieves two things—a glimpse of the ridiculous and a sense of latent tragedy. In this collection of war stories, selected from several thousands sent to the *Evening News* by readers, there is humour of this type, for the tragedy of war and all that war means is on every page. The majority of these stories are short anecdotes typical of the cheery, irrepressible Cockney in war, who is now, probably, pushing a barrow in the Old Kent Road, but a few are concerned with a deeper heroism in which laughter does not enter.

The book is illustrated by Bert Thomas, the creator of "Arf a Mo', Kaiser!" and there is an opening

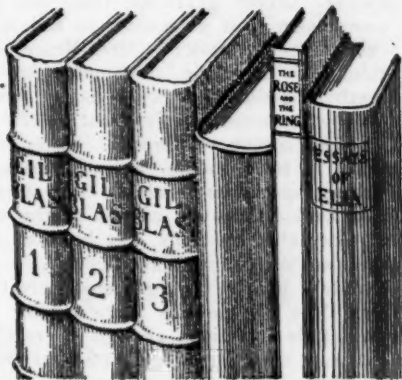
yarn by Sir Ian Hamilton showing that the Cockney of previous wars was the same imperturbable little man whose fund of humour was always ready to save him—and his fellow soldiers'—reason.

*Pulpits and Personalities.* By the Janitor. Duckworth. 5s.

THIS survey of some of the leading churches of London will be read with interest by those who wish to learn more of what is going on outside their own parishes. In a controversial age, when questions of theology and ecclesiastical order are being warmly debated, it is no small advantage to have as companion on a tour of inspection, a man who can take large views, see what is really good in those who cannot lisp his pet shibboleth, and candidly criticize their foibles and failings without wounding sensitive feelings. That the Janitor possesses this delicate art is apparent when we read his 'Open Letter to the Bishop of London' as well as in what he has to say of others. His playful good humour when "rubbing it in" takes away all sense of irritation and leaves no blister behind. Probably some of those whom he pokes fun at for some personal idiosyncrasy will be quite ready to laugh heartily with those who laugh at them. But if the Janitor is a candid critic, he is at the same time most generous in his praises of the work that is being done by churchmen of all schools of thought in the Diocese of London.

*Mistress Spitfire.* By J. S. Fletcher. Collins. 7s. 6d.

WHAT author since the days of Sir Walter Scott has set higher value upon "suspense" than J. S. Fletcher? It is his favourite carrot, his most trusty



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leading rein and his infallible inducement to us all to read his books through to the very last page. We fall for his trick; we read his books to the last page—we shall read 'Mistress Spitfire' from cover to cover. The author should be pleased and encouraged, but he must not rest upon his laurels—or, rather, his carrots. 'Mistress Spitfire' is one of his imitation carrots. We will trot after it this time, but next time the Fletcher vegetable must be more genuine, more Kang-He Vase-ish, otherwise its followers will fall off.

*Unknown Warriors.* By K. E. Luard. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THE outcry against the spate of war books, in which it is so correct to join, must not include 'Unknown Warriors' in its black list. Lord Allenby has identified himself with this book by writing its preface, in which he says: "It is a tale of heroism; modestly told, but unsurpassed in interest by any war novel yet written." The book certainly justifies this downright opinion, for it has an amazing tale to unfold; at the same time, perhaps the most amazing thing of all about it is the author. She was a nursing sister in France, 1914-1918, and with incredible self-discipline forced herself to keep a diary of all she saw, heard and did. An account of one day's work that she got through is enough to justify admiration of her diary-writing at the end of it—but to picture four years of that work is to recognize her diary as a monument of heroism—as a labour of love that crowned, daily, continuous devotion to the thousands of Unknown Warriors that passed through her hands. They have a memorial in this book that revives their glory, and, in its author, a partner worthy of their record.

*The Peregrinations of Penelope.* By The Hon. Mrs. Victor A. Bruce. Heath Cranton. 5s.

WHO deserves deeper gratitude than the jester, and what compulsion is it pleasanter to fall in with than that which forces a smile? Mrs. Bruce, in her 'Peregrinations of Penelope,' compels the most reluctant mouth to smile, the most gloomy mood to melt in her sunny nonsense and the most doleful mind to recover its appreciation of humour. Sheer, forced "merry-making" is tiresome at all times, but Penelope's outrageous imperturbability and stream of unpremeditated back-chat is no affront to the intelligent reader. She talks naturally, but because she is an original young person she talks cheerfully. She is not regrettably "heartly," merely enjoyably full of *joie de vivre*. Mrs. Bruce has a refreshing sense of humour which is infectious enough to reach her readers and corrupt them, to characterize her creation "Penelope" and almost to win her the adjective "inimitable"!

*Silver Boy.* By Vance Joseph Hoyt. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

TO anyone who loves animals and Nature in the wild, this book will give very much pleasure, for it is the life story of a silver dog-fox in and about the Coast Range heights and valleys of California. The writer has studied the wild-life of which he writes with a patience and accuracy that is most praiseworthy and is evidently well acquainted with the locality in which Silver Boy roams. The book is, however, a little marred by jerkiness and by a tendency to clip sentences so short that they interrupt the action and flow of the narrative, and if, as we imagine, it may be a first book, this is a fault that should be corrected since in other ways the story is most delightful. The illustrations are by Charles Livingstone Bull and are pencil drawings of unusual charm.

## ACROSTICS

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 423

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, May 1)

POET, AND POEM: FLORENCE GAVE HIM BIRTH,  
BUT AT RAVENNA HE WAS LAID IN EARTH.

1. Spotted, and full of fruit as egg of meat.
2. Stricture; the crazy rendering pray delete.
3. Lop the dishonest rascal aft and fore!
4. Curtail what drew Phoenicia to our shore.
5. 'Tis oriental, and a star-flower clasps.
6. My imbricated boughs no monkey grasps.
7. Sluggish, a handsome antelope I hold.
8. Of its nine circles has our Poet told.
9. By night we note her ineffectual fire.
10. In London streets it used to ply for hire.
11. His hand 'gainst all, and all men's hands 'gainst him.
12. Far-sighted, blest with orbs by no means dim.
13. A master he in Israel of old.
14. Worm-like I wind, and my gay flowers unfold.

### Solution of Acrostic No. 421

dI	g	It	1 Amceba (Greek, amoibē, change). The
S	nee	Ze	Fresh-water Proteus.
A	mœb	A <sup>1</sup>	2 Exod. vi. 20, 23 and iv. 14. Aaron,
A	gend	A	son of Amram, married Elisheba.
C	ran	K	3 Bottom. Masters, you ought to con-
N	arro	Wness	sider with yourselves: to bring in a
E	lisheb	A <sup>2</sup>	lion among ladies is a most dreadful
W	ild-fow	L <sup>3</sup>	thing; for there is not a more fearful
T	almudis	T	wild-fowl than your lion living.
O	ct	Opus	Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1.
N	idificatio	N	

ACROSTIC No. 421.—The winner is Mrs. Maud Crowther, 22 Cunliffe Villas, Bradford, Yorks., who has selected as her prize 'Hammersmith Hoy,' by Nigel Playfair, published by Faber and reviewed by us on April 12. Thirty-nine other competitors named this book, thirteen chose 'Memoirs of Marmontel,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boskerris, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Cuniculus, Dhualt, Ursula D'Ott, M. East, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, T. Hartland, Martha, Met, Mrs. Milne, Peter, St. Ives, Stucco, Miss Daphne Touche, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Aron, A. V. R., E. Barrett, Buns, Rosa C. Burley, J. Chambers, Clam, Coque, J. R. Cripps, Dolmar, Gay, F. Gray, Iago, Jeff, Jop, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, Katharine Moloney, N. O. Sellam, Margaret Owen, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisypus, Willoughby, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ali, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Bertram R. Carter, D. L., Glamis, Miss Kelly, J. F. Maxwell, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 24 solvers; Light 3, 17; Lights 1 and 9, 11; Light 11, 7; Light 5, 4; Lights 2, 4, 7, and 10, 1.

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## ART

## FOYLE GALLERY

The new Foyle Art Gallery should be the rendezvous of those visitors who can trust their judgment to find the good work of young and lesser-known artists. In these well-lit and well-hung rooms at Manette Street is a varied assortment of pictorial matter which should appeal to tastes ancient and modern. There are caricatures, etchings, water-colours and oil paintings, and the prices are unusually modest in contrast to those at other galleries whose exhibitors imagine that collectors are necessarily plutocrats.

Alfred Lowe's caricatures show a natural talent. The art of exaggeration is not, of course, a great art. Children often draw admirable caricatures. It is like lying with conviction. Mr. Lowe, in some of his drawings, does this effectively, but he has a formula based not on anatomy but on technique. The greatest caricaturists, Daumier, Garvani, Rowlandson, Wilke and Leandre were steeped first in truth. Having mastered the details of physiognomy, they could take liberties with faces. All of these artists were capable of drawing "straight." We do not feel that Mr. Lowe can do this yet, but there is no doubt that he is very skilful.

Among the oil paintings Mr. Douglas Burt's 'Concarneau' would have been very good were the two boats in the background less dominant. Their startling black colour is quite out of tone with the general brilliance of this work. As a piece of skilful direct painting, Mr. Edgar Down's study of 'Ducks' in movement is most accomplished. There are a good pencil portrait by Miss Engel, two spontaneous flower pieces by Mr. Henry Butler, and the several etchings by Mr. Gerald Harrison have much charm and feeling.

## THE GOUPIL GALLERY

Mr. Randolph Schwabe's exhibition of water colours at the Goupil Gallery is a pleasure to visit. Mr. Schwabe delights in old London houses. He draws them with precision, for he is a stylist and never leaves us guessing as to the position of a portico, the height of a house or the perspective of a street. When much of the modern rubbish which masquerades as art is forgotten, Mr. Schwabe's drawings of vanishing London will be treasured by a generation to whom such quiet houses and streets will appear strange and perhaps desirable.

## GRAMOPHONE RECORDS OF THE MONTH

(HIS MASTER'S VOICE)

- C 1839. 'Chanson de Nuit' (Elgar). Arthur Catterall. Violin with piano.  
 C 1857. 'A Sailor's Philosophy' (Byng). Stuart Robertson and John Turner.  
 B 3274. 'Melody' (Dawes). Beatrice Harrison with Pianoforte accompaniment.  
 'Serenade' (Hassan-Delius). Beatrice Harrison with Pianoforte accompaniment.  
 D.B. 1307. 'Sonata in B Minor' (Liszt). Alfred Cortot. Pianoforte solo (4 records).  
 C 1845. 'Suite Orientale' (Popy): 'Les Bayaderes,' 'Au Bord du Grange,' 'Les Almeres,' 'Patronille.' Marek Weber and his Orchestra.  
 C 1850. 'Blessing Glory and Wisdom' (Bach). Westminster Abbey Choir. Choral in English.  
 C 1849. 'Magnificat in B Flat' (Stanford). 'Nunc Dimittis in B Flat' (Stanford). Westminster Abbey Choir.

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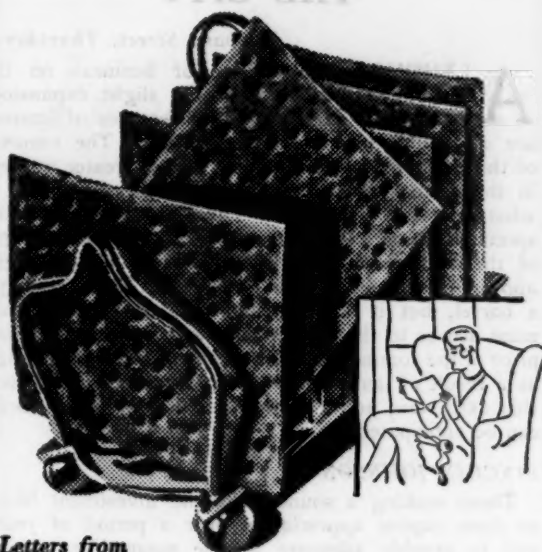
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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**A**LTHOUGH the volume of business on the Stock Exchange shows only slight expansion, there is no gainsaying that features of interest are discernible in increasing numbers. The removal of the Budget uncertainties has led to greater interest in those stocks which had been unduly depressed in what now turns out to be erroneous anticipation of special taxation. It is interesting to note the strength of the brewery market which, at first blush, might appear unjustified, in view of the extra taxation of 3s. a barrel, but it is suggested that the benefits that must accrue to these companies as a result of the low price of the commodities used, coupled with the savings as a result of derating, will more than counterbalance this extra tax, and a further advance in these stocks can be anticipated.

## PINCHIN JOHNSON

Those seeking a sound industrial investment likely to show capital appreciation over a period of years and to provide adequate income meanwhile, should not overlook the 10s. ordinary shares of Pinchin Johnson and Company, varnish, colour, paint and enamel manufacturers. The company owns a controlling interest in the Torbay Paint Company Limited, all the share capital of Robert Ingham Clark and Company Limited, and 75 per cent. of the capital of Shalmar Paint, Varnish and Colour Company. Pinchin Johnson profits have expanded at a satisfactory and encouraging rate during recent years, which can be appreciated from the fact that for 1929 the net profits amounted to £381,533, which compares with £112,276 for 1925. For the past five years shareholders have received dividends of 30 per cent. In addition, for 1928, a capital bonus of 33½ per cent. was distributed, while for 1929 shareholders also received a capital bonus of 10 per cent. I gather that it is the policy of the Board to maintain the dividend at 30 per cent. and to issue periodical capital bonuses. In view of the fact that it is believed that for the first quarter of the present year profits are considerably in excess of those for the first quarter of 1929, it is suggested that at the present level these shares are well worth locking away.

## MAYPOLE DAIRY

The capital of the Maypole Dairy Company includes 21,583,327 2s. deferred ordinary shares, and at the present level these shares appear to possess investment possibilities. The profit of the company has enjoyed steady expansion, the net profit for 1929 amounting to £544,587, which compares with £501,407 for 1926. For the last four years deferred shareholders have received dividends of 17½ per cent., last year's earnings amounting to slightly over 20 per cent. At the present price these shares show a yield in the neighbourhood of 7 per cent.

## LEVER BROTHERS

The recently issued report of Lever Brothers, showing an expansion of £1,000,000 in profits as compared with last year, draws attention to the various Lever

issues for investment purposes. Those who favour preference shares should not overlook both the 7 per cent. and the 8 per cent. preference issues of this company; while the 20 per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary shares of 5s. at the present market price constitute a well-secured ordinary share investment showing a yield of over 7 per cent.

## COLOMBIA MORTGAGE BANK

Those seeking a higher yield than that obtainable from safety first investments should not overlook the 6½ per cent. bonds of the Colombia Agricultural Mortgage Bank. These bonds are a first charge on all present and future mortgages arranged by the Bank. The loans, which form the security, are granted upon freehold and agricultural estates only, such loans not to exceed 50 per cent. of the appraised value of agricultural properties. At December 31, 1928, the value of such properties was appraised at £12,000,000 against loans granted amounting to £4,193,600. The total assets outstanding at the same date was £3,496,000 or 27.8 per cent. of the appraised value. In addition, the bonds are guaranteed as to principal, sinking fund and interest, by the Republic of Colombia. Dividends are payable on April 24 and October 24. The bonds are redeemable in 1959 by means of a cumulative sinking fund, operating half-yearly by purchases under or drawings at par. At the present price a flat yield of slightly over 7½ per cent. is shown, while the redemption yield is slightly under 8½ per cent.

## MORRIS MOTORS

Perusal of the recently issued report of Morris Motors Limited for 1929 prompts the opinion that the 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of this company are worthy of attention by those who favour this class of investment. The net profit for last year amounted to £1,285,181. As there are 3,000,000 of these preference shares issued, it will be seen that their service calls for less than one-fifth of last year's available profits. Behind the preference shares are 2,000,000 ordinary shares privately held. These last year received a tax-free dividend of 10 per cent., £650,000 surplus profits being utilized in writing down goodwill, patents and trade-marks, and £118,753 being carried forward. A reserve fund of £2,000,000 has already been created. At their present price these shares show a yield of over 6½ per cent., which must be deemed generous in view of the security.

## GEDULD

The recently satisfactory development report issued by the East Geduld Company emphasizes the speculative possibilities of the shares of Geduld Proprietary Mines, which company, jointly with the Union Corporation, is largely interested in the East Geduld Company. Geduld shareholders last year received dividends of 31½ per cent. The life of the mine is a long one. Irrespective of its East Geduld interests, its shares appear a sound mining investment. Its holding in the newer company adds a speculative possibility to its shares, which makes them decidedly attractive at the present market price.

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## Company Meeting

## ARMY &amp; NAVY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., was held on April 23 at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Ebury, D.S.O., M.C. (the chairman), said that when he addressed the shareholders on the last occasion he expressed some doubts as to the outlook for trade in 1929-1930. At that date a general election was in view, and there had been the risk of a period of uncertainty and instability involved in the result. They had only to reflect upon the present position to realize how well-founded had been the doubts then expressed. The crisis on the New York Stock Exchange and the Hatry failure in this country had been further detrimental factors.

There were some very encouraging features, none the less, and one of the most marked had been a big increase in the number of orders, albeit the increase in turnover had been disproportionate. The net result was a profit for the year of £245,087, or £1,547 more than for 1928-1929. They proposed to pay a final dividend of 1s. 10½d. per share, making 2s. 6d. or 25 per cent., for the sixth year in succession.

With regard to the Indian business, the steps taken had proved to a large extent effective. The timely visit of Sir Frederick Gascolgne and Mr. Wastie, the Society's chief accountant, had done much to consolidate the improved state of affairs, and the work of the latter had been invaluable in cementing such improvements already introduced under the heading of System and Counting House control and instituting others which were urgently needed.

With regard to the position at Home, if he took a serious and none too optimistic view of the situation in this country, he did not want them for one moment to come to the conclusion that he was a confirmed pessimist. Their business had been steadily increasing since 1923, and he had just the same supreme confidence in the business and in the people who worked in it to overcome the difficulties of the future as had been the case in overcoming the difficulties of the past. He regarded the position so seriously as to conceive it his duty not only to the shareholders of the Society, but to those persons and their dependents who derived their livelihood from it, to take stock of the general situation somewhat closely.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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